

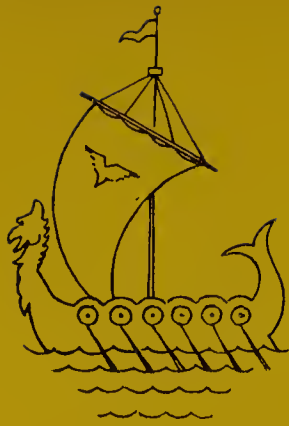


ANCIENT ARROW-MAKERS
AT WORK

NOMAN'S LAND



The landing of Gosnold



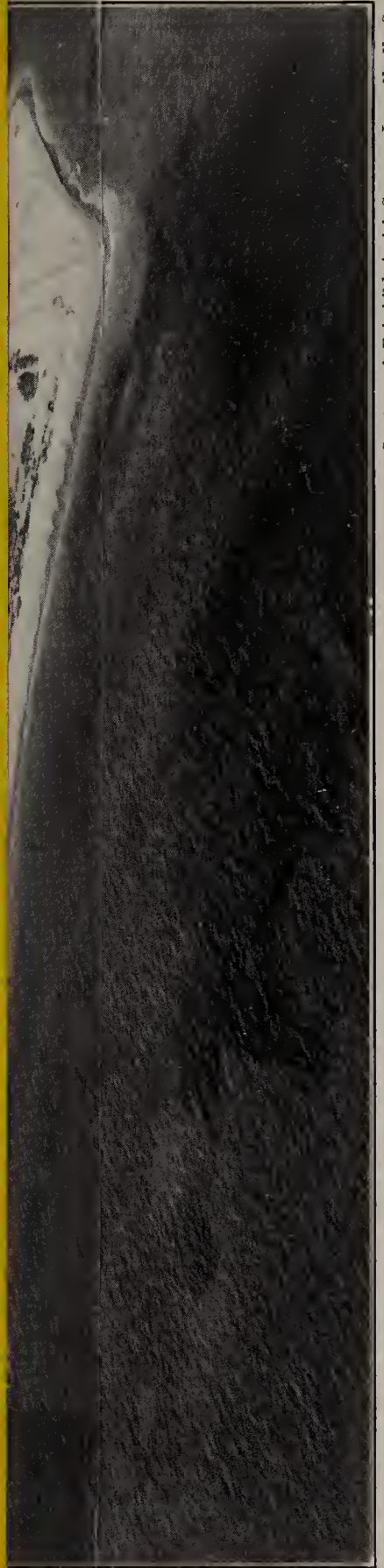
*"Truth is stranger
than Fiction"*



NOMAN'S LAND

An absorbing story of a lonely little Island far out at sea. Its history, from the time of Leif Eriksson down to the present day, has heretofore been known to but few persons — A full account with many illustrations of its fascinating historical and traditional background of the tiny island is given for the first time in this book.

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Noman's land, isle of
romance



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NOMAN'S LAND

Isle of Romance

By

ANNIE M. WOOD



REYNOLDS PRINTING

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

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900 Webster Street
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Preface

NOMAN'S LAND is almost unknown to the outside world, and to the casual visitor, it is only a bleak, lonely island far out on the sea.

In the following chapters I have tried to show how the island appears to one who is a lover of nature and who understands and appreciates the marvels which are to be seen on every hand. Of course there are some things which are not so pleasant. We rarely see a day without some cloud in the sky. But why mention the clouds? No one cares to hear about them.

Our lives are what we make them. If we train our eyes and hearts to search for the good and beautiful around us, we can always find them, for there are rainbows to be seen in the spray during the wildest gales, if we but look for them.

ANNIE M. WOOD.

Acknowledgments

WE have endeavored to carry out the wishes of Mrs. Wood concerning her book, and we hope that we have succeeded in a measure.

We wish to extend our grateful thanks to Miss Miriam Ellsworth, for her valuable assistance in editing and revising the manuscript — to Mr. George H. Tripp, Librarian of the New Bedford Free Public Library, and to others of his staff — especially to Miss Wilcox, who was in the Genealogical Room at that time — for their help, and the courtesy shown Mrs. Wood during her research. To Mr. Joshua Crane, owner of Noman's Land, we are deeply grateful. By his generous permission and helpful encouragement, Mrs. Wood's wishes

In short, we wish to express our appreciation of all those who have made this book possible.

Her Family.



Annie M. Wood.

The Author

ANNIE L. MOULTON was born at Hiram, Maine, on December 4, 1876. She was the daughter of Reuben and Isabelle (Kimball) Moulton.

She attended the district school of her neighborhood, and after graduating from grammar school, attended high school at Cornish, Maine, completing the four-year course in three years. She was valedictorian of her class.

Miss Moulton taught school for a number of years—in Maine, and in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

On June 28, 1898, she married Cameron E. Wood of Barre, Massachusetts. They had three children, Roland C., Lurana M., and Herbert E. Wood.

Mrs. Wood became a member of the Order of the Eastern Star in 1912. She held various positions in the Order, and was chosen Matron, with her husband Patron, in 1917. She became secretary of the organization soon after the expiration of her term as Matron. This office she filled until her departure to Noman's Land in the fall of 1926. She had made many friends through her cheerful, sunny disposition.

While on Noman's Land, she became much interested in the stories and traditions of the island, as told to her by the fishermen, and by others who had lived on the island years before.

Mrs. Wood wished to preserve the lore of the island in book form. She then spent much time in research work, visiting the New Bedford Public Library for additional material.

In the spring of 1929, Mrs. Wood was stricken with an incurable illness. She never again had the strength to resume the task of finishing her book.

After undergoing a major operation, she returned to the island in July. There she remained during the summer and fall, spending most of her time out-of-doors.

In January, 1930, her doctor advised her immediate removal to Boston. This removal was possible only by airplane. Joshua Crane, Jr., flew down in an open plane.

Still maintaining her courage, she was perfectly willing to undertake the flight, although it was to be her first experience in air travel.

Wrapped in a blanket, and strapped in the forward cockpit, Mrs. Wood started her journey.

The heavy clouds necessitated a climb of two miles and the taking of a compass course for the mainland.

In spite of her illness, Mrs. Wood enjoyed the trip. She said later in describing it, that it was most beautiful.

They were in bright sunshine, with the fleecy white clouds below. Neither earth nor sea was visible. They seemed to be floating in space.

After deciding that the mainland must have been reached, the pilot dove 2000 feet through the clouds and darkness. It was night down below, and the lights of New Bedford were twinkling in the gloom. It was a strange experience — the change from day to night in an instant's time.

Later, the message of Mrs. Wood's safe arrival was transmitted by radio to Noman's Land.

On Easter Sunday, Mrs. Wood returned to the island by plane. This trip, too, she enjoyed. It was a bright, clear day, and after climbing high, Noman's Land was just discernible eighty-five miles away to the south.

In July she felt she could not last much longer, and wished to go to her old home in Barre.

In one hour, she safely traveled the one hundred and twenty-five miles, lying on a feather bed in the cabin plane.

On July 15, 1930, Mrs. Wood died, and thus passed one of the sweetest women that ever lived.

ANNIE

The sound of the whetstone sharpening the scythe,
On a summer's day so bright and blue
Was music to the ears of her,
Who had sown the crop of goodness, true.

The reward was to set all things right,
Wipe clean, all traces of storm and stress.
To end all earthly troubles
And bring sweet comfort, peace and rest.

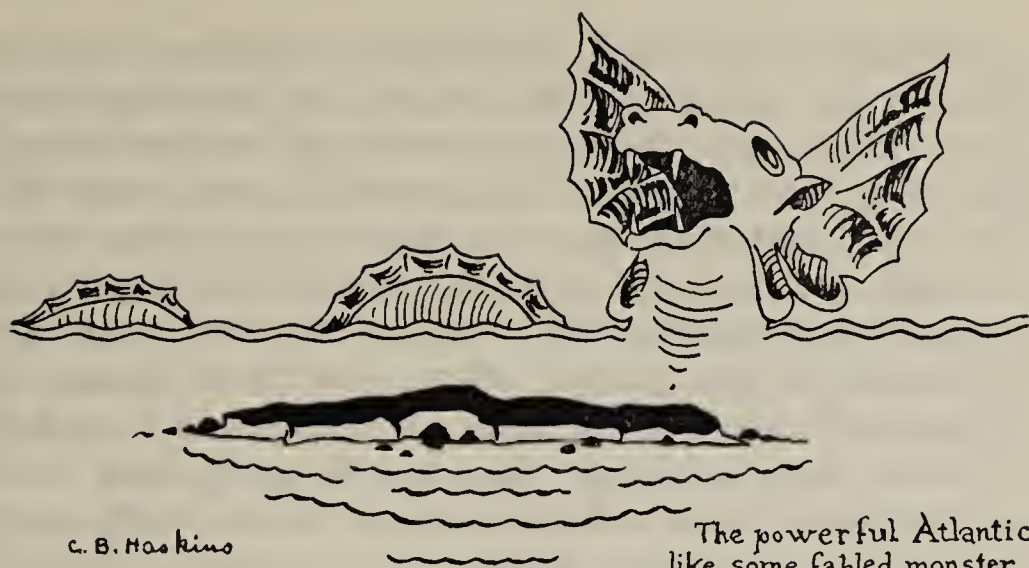
A life rounded into completeness,
A life of immortality assured;
For all its deeds of kindness.
Its pain and suffering, cheerfully endured.

By Her Husband.

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The powerful Atlantic,
like some fabled monster,
lies ready to devour some part
of this little island.

CHAPTER 1.

A Description of Noman's Land

NOMAN'S LAND is a small island situated in the Atlantic Ocean, twenty-five miles south of New Bedford, Massachusetts, and nearly three miles southwest of the island of Martha's Vineyard. It is about five miles in circumference and contains eight hundred and sixty acres. Originally, the island was much larger than it is at the present time, for the buffeting of the wind and waves is slowly wearing it away. Even in one year, a change can be noticed on the clay and sand cliffs of the south shore which receive the full force of the mighty Atlantic against their face.

Of glacial origin, the island is composed almost entirely of the drift borne along by the slowly moving masses of ice. This is evidenced by the large number of stones of a widely diversified nature collected from many localities to the north and northwest and deposited on the island. Some of the boulders may have been transported from fifty to one hundred miles.

Nóman's Land marks the extreme southern point to which the ice extended in this locality, and the inequalities of the surface show that it was formed of moraine pushed along before the glacier. Undoubtedly, at that time the island was a part of the mainland, forming a coastline which was deeply indented with bays and inlets, for we learn from geology that the crust of the earth was elevated in the regions covered by the glacier. There were many changes in the form and altitude of the earth's surface before it reached its present stable condition. How interesting it would be if this little island could unfold its history for the millions of years since the beginning of time for our perusal! But we must be satisfied with the completed work and question not the origin.

The powerful Atlantic washes the shores of the little island on all sides, and, like some fabled monster, it patiently lies in wait to pounce upon some part and devour it. It takes a bit of the bank first in one place — and then, another. Nothing can satisfy its ruthless hunger as long as any land remains to resist its mighty strength. Far out to sea we can perceive by the line of breakers where lie the remnants of the cliffs which have been eaten back for miles. The sand and clay melt in the ravenous waves, but the boulders are harder to destroy and remain after the rest has disappeared. We have no way of learning accurately how far the land extended at a given time, but a stone marker, placed on the bank near the west shore by the government coast survey in 1887, fell to the beach the past summer and was found several feet from the bottom of the cliff. On the north, it is clearly proved that low land extended for some distance, for fishermen have brought up beechnuts embedded in swamp mud when they drew up their trap poles at a distance of half a mile from the present shore. On the east, the land probably extended out some distance in a low sandy

beach. There is an old Indian legend that Noman's Land and Scribnocket were once connected by a long sandbar. East Bend Pond was once a large lake receiving the entire drainage of the eastern part of the island and undoubtedly had a large opening into the ocean on the north side.

In shape Noman's Land bears a marked resemblance to an infant's bootee with the toe pointing toward the northwest as if in defiance of the terrific gales which sweep down upon it from that quarter. The sole of the bootee is toward the south as if better able to resist the powerful strokes of the waves which roll along for hundreds of miles without any obstruction, until the little island of Noman's Land bravely dares to oppose them. The island seems determined to show a bold front to its destroyer with its cliffs of clay and stone rising almost perpendicularly to a height of ninety feet on the south shore. There is an indescribable grandeur to these rugged cliffs in their sullen, helpless struggle against the sea. The northern part of the island is of low altitude. This is partly due to its comparative freedom from erosion which, in the centuries past, undoubtedly washed away the entire slope which extended from the elevation on the south side down to the water's edge. The waves do not strike the northern shore with such terrific force, for the mainland and the adjacent islands afford it some protection. The breakwater, built in about the center of the northern shore as a protection for the boats kept at the island, could easily be likened to the tie which is used to fasten the bootee together, as well as a protection for the only tie which the inhabitants have with the outside world.

Noman's Land is separated from Martha's Vineyard by three miles of comparatively shallow water, for in no place does it exceed three and three-quarters fathoms. This passage is shaped somewhat like a funnel causing the tides to rush swiftly through its narrow neck. Gay Head, with its gorgeous cliffs of colored clay, lies five miles directly

north. Here is situated the light-house which was established in 1798. The intermittent light of three white flashes, then one red, is a friendly beacon of greeting and encouragement to the inhabitants of Noman's Land.

The islands of Cuttyhunk, the site of the first English settlement in New England, and Nashawena, with its forests of magnificent oaks and cedars, are to be seen to the northward, lying about thirteen miles distant, and, on a clear day, the mainland twenty-five miles away stands out clearly against the horizon. To the west, Block Island, forty miles distant, is the nearest land, and to the south there is no land for nearly seven hundred miles, until the group of small islands known as the Bermuda Islands are reached. Nantucket, with its dignified old houses and many relics and traditions of the early whaling days, is the nearest neighbor to the east, lying about twenty-seven miles away.

Although, politically Noman's Land is considered a part of the town of Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard, geographically and in reality it is completely isolated and is wholly independent of the outside world.

The island has borne many different names since it first became known. Gosnold, the English explorer, called it Martha's Vineyard because of its magnificent forests and its abundance of grapes and berries of all kinds. Subsequent visitors to this lonely isle of the sea did not take the same view, and the pretentious cognomen which Gosnold bestowed upon it in 1602 did not last. The next names it acquired were Hendrick Christiansen's Eylant in 1616 and Ile de Hendrick in 1646, both having reference to a Dutch explorer of that name who accompanied Adrian Block on his visit to the island in 1614. The curious name of Dock Island appears on a map of 1675 but is not found later.

After inclusion into the jurisdiction of New York it came under other influences and in 1666 was first called

Noman's Land, also Isle of Man. The origin of the name is not known. It used to be attributed to a combination of two words, "No-Man's", a description of its ownerless condition. While this is the easiest conclusion, it does not seem to be the correct one. The word was seldom divided and was almost universally spelt, "Noman's" from the first. An important Indian chief by the name of Tequenomans lived on Martha's Vineyard at the time of the arrival of the English, and it is thought that he owned or had jurisdiction over this small island which came to bear the last half of his name.

Noman's Land has a wonderful climate. The Gulf Stream is only eighty miles away, and the surrounding waters have an extremely equable temperature the year round. Due to the mitigating effects of the ocean, the island is not subject to the sudden changes in temperature which are felt on the mainland. It is a spot where God's pure air abounds and where every breath partakes of cool, bracing sea breezes; where rest and quiet can be found and where sound refreshing sleep is assured. The nights are always cool and restful even to the point where blankets are desirable in July and August. Heat waves are unknown, and, while the mainland swelters with the temperature in the 90's, Noman's Land is cool and comfortable, for every breeze is a sea breeze.

The winters are mild with no snow and very little ice. Flowers are in bloom until December and garden produce can be planted by the middle of March. During the cold months of January and February the ground does not remain frozen, and a calm, bright day is always warm. The prevailing winds during the cold weather are northwest, and during the summer months, southwest. During a storm the winds sweep over the island with extraordinary violence with nothing to break their force. The sand and spray which the wind carries along form a translucent coating of salt on the

outside of the windows near the beach. The wind whips the sea into white caps, and the spray flies high when the waves strike any obstruction. The roar of the breakers is like thunder, and their mighty impact shakes the land. The entire shore is buried in a smother of foam.

Even more to be dreaded by the sailor than the storms, are the thick fogs which settle over the water during the summer months. They shut out the sight of familiar ranges and even nearby boats as completely as if they were enveloped in a thick blanket. Occasionally, on a cold morning in the winter when the air is colder than the water, the vapor forms a heavy cloud which rests on the surface of the water and is as dangerous to mariners as the fog.

The sea itself is indescribable. It has always inspired the wonder and veneration of mankind. Its vastness and power overwhelm the imagination. Its permanence and antiquity form bewildering conceptions. The same "far-sounding sea" roared in the hearing of the mariners of the remotest past. Its mysterious depths aroused the superstition of the ancients as they excite the intelligent curiosity of modern scientists. It is never twice the same. There are continual changes from the sparkling sea of a calm summer's day through the whole gamut to a howling northwest gale in mid-winter.

The surface of the island is rough and stony, and the early settlers worked with incredible patience to cultivate the fields and build enduring stone walls with the stones they removed. Men of today are not so willing to work for posterity. They wish to reap the benefits of their labors for their own advancement leaving the ones who come after to depend upon their own resources.

The island is, for the most part, made up of small hills with intervening swamps. In several places dams have been constructed at the outlet of the larger swamps making beau-

tiful artificial lakes. The largest of these, which is called Rainbow Lake, is situated near the southeastern shore and is fed by several inlets from the surrounding hills. The entire lake measures approximately three miles in circumference. The next in size is Ben's Pond which is about one mile in circumference. This lake is situated near the center of the island and near the foot of the elevation called the Lookout. The most picturesque of the lakes, surrounded with shrubs and bushes, it has a lovely little island near the shore covered with rocks and shrubs. On this tiny island a shooting camp has been erected encircled by a concealed trench, and a narrow plank walk connects it with the mainland. Unique features of the lake are the tiny floating islands composed of small bushes and grasses. These are wholly free, for their position changes with every gale. The mass of roots and twigs of which they are formed must extend some distance beneath the surface, for they never come near the shore, remaining where the water is deep. There are several of these floating islands, the largest measuring about one hundred yards in circumference.

Near the southeastern part of the island are two other lakes, Sisson's Pond and Lock Katherine. Near the shore at the northeast is one natural lake measuring at the present time two thirds of a mile in circumference. These bodies of clear spring water add greatly to the natural beauty of the island.

The highest altitude is the Lookout, one hundred and ten feet above sea level. From this point an extensive view can be had of the entire island and the sea on all sides. Near by are plots of huckleberries and wax myrtle. On the lowlands grow the sweet pepper bush and other shrubs. The swamps are covered with a heavy growth of flags and rushes. The fields and meadows are a vivid green, and nestling in the hollows are the sparkling lakes of clear water. From this vantage point the land seems to be composed of

irregular, vivid-colored fragments pieced together with no fixed design and the whole spread out for our observation and delight. The dark blue of the surrounding ocean which stretches away to meet the horizon furnishes a fitting frame for the beauties of the island. As we stand and gaze across the billowy blue, our thoughts wander to the distant European shore, and our imagination pictures a world of curious and wonderful existence underneath the ruffled surface of the waves. There lie the skeletons of noble ships — there moulder the bones of dead sailors from all nations — there rot invaluable cargoes — there sleep the mysteries of ships which sailed away and never returned — there swarm the sharks which desecrate the sacred forms of humanity that sink into their silent empire. The mighty ocean — boundless, endless and sublime! The image of eternity — the throne of the invincible!

At the present time there are no large trees on Noman's Land. Years ago the island was covered with a virgin forest of many varieties. There are large peat beds in which have been found roots of cedar and other kinds of wood, pine cones of the variety known as Lobloely, or Old Field Pine, leaves and twigs of oak, beech, maple and birch. All of these can be clearly traced in the peat. The trees were cut down by the early inhabitants, and no others have grown to take their places. The principal reason for this is undoubtedly the scarcity of seed after the parent trees were gone. The isolated position of the island makes it improbable that seeds would be carried there by the wind or the birds.

The largest trees growing on the island now are a few stunted and gnarled silver poplars which measure about six inches in diameter and a few cherry trees about the same size. There is one small apple tree and several little quince trees which, although half a century old, are not more than six feet in height. The present owner has attempted to start

a small nursery near the center of the island. Several rows of pine and spruce have been set out, and, although still alive, they are dwarfed and dull-looking, not the glossy green of healthy evergreen trees.

The beach plums are still to be seen as at the time of the early explorations, and the wax myrtle, with its aromatic leaves and gray berries, grows in profusion. From these berries a waxy substance can be obtained which, when used clear or in combination with ordinary wax, makes candles that burn with a clear flame and have a pleasant spicy odor. These berries also furnish nearly the entire food for the pheasants during the winter months.

Plots of huckleberries cover the hill tops. The berries are small and scattered but eagerly sought after by the geese and pheasants, as are the barberries which grow in several places. Sweet pepper bush, or white alder, is found at the edge of the swamps and its white, clustered racemes catch the eye as its incense does the nostrils. The air is laden with its sweet perfume. In the autumn it is well-nigh impossible to stroll around the island without pausing to admire the bright red berries clustered so thickly among the leaves of the black alder or winter berry. This is a species of the holly family and is closely related to the well-known Christmas holly.

There is an abundance of blackberries, mostly of a variety with long, drooping canes, and large, luscious fruit nearly spherical in shape. There are others with upright canes and cylindrical fruit which is much firmer but has far more seeds. The strawberries mentioned by Gosnold are still found in abundance but are much smaller in size. Cranberries grow on the low, wet ground all over the island. They are of good size and excellent flavor.

The swamps are covered with many different varieties of reeds and grasses, and beside the brooks and ponds the blue iris, with its vivid colors, gladdens the eye.

Of the flowers which grow on the island, the wild roses are the most worthy of note. The ordinary pink or pasture rose is found everywhere, but on or near the beach grows a lovely, large rose, very sweet-scented and deep crimson in color. The stems are short and branching and are armed with many short thorns. There is one clump of this variety with flowers of pure white. The large red seed pods which appear after the blossoms have gone remain on the bushes well into the winter.

The flora of the island includes all the plants and grasses indigenous to this locality and is worthy of careful study, for here nature shows her most wonderful methods. The shape, size and coloring of every flower is for a particular purpose. All its parts are adapted to its own special needs for the continuation of its kind.

The birds rank next to the flowers in the beauty of their coloring, and in no other place can they be seen and studied to a better advantage than upon Noman's Land. In the autumn, the migrating birds halt at the island for a rest before commencing their long journey southward. On their return in the spring, they arrive exhausted and nearly starved. They remain for some time recuperating from their trip, for here they can rest in peace with no one to disturb them and no feline lying in wait for them. They are very tame and in their energetic search for food enter any building where they find an opening. If caught, they show little fear, boldly pecking at the person who imprisons them. As there is no snow, many birds who ordinarily migrate remain upon the island during the winter months.

Canadian wild geese and mallard ducks live and breed upon the island, and the "honk-honk" of the geese as they fly overhead is the nearest approach to automobile horns that the little island affords. During the fall and winter, all varieties of pond and surf ducks visit the island and furnish

excellent opportunity for observation and study of their habits.

As anyone would naturally suppose, the birds of prey also find Noman's Land a rich hunting ground, and hawks are very common. During the winter of 1926-27, the large white Arctic Owls came in great numbers. They caught and killed many of the pheasants and ducks. During that season forty-five owls were killed or captured as well as forty-nine hawks.

The most interesting place on the island is the beach for a surprise is always awaiting. The sea brings offerings of all kinds and descriptions and lays them at our feet. There is an old saying on Noman's Land that anything one desires can be found on the beach if he only waits long enough. This certainly is true. During the past two years, the sea has brought in groceries, canned fruit, several bushels of fine Bermuda onions, tooth paste, cold cream, and other toilet accessories, reading matter, folding chairs, many bundles of lathes, all kinds of brushes and brooms, pails, and buckets and butter tubs in great numbers. Of special note is a Chinese bucket with hoops of twisted bamboo. Lumber of all kinds is brought in, planks, boards and dimension timber, probably from the deck load of some vessel. There also appear the remains of wrecked ships and relics of broken piers and floats. As we look upon the splintered mast or broken fragments of some by-gone vessel, we can not help wondering how and where she met her fate. Perhaps the sea has kept the secret for many years hidden deep in her bosom, until Time, the great Restorer, has taken away the memory of the tragedy. Then the remains of the unfortunate ships are scattered in fragments along the shore.

The beaches of Noman's Land are rough with stones varying in size from the tiniest pebbles to boulders that measure eighty feet in circumference. The centuries which

have passed and the continual rolling and tumbling of the waves have worn off the rough edges leaving the rocks smooth and polished. On the south shore the undertow of the waves is so strong that all the smaller stones have been carried out to sea, leaving only the large ones. On the northern shore, however, there are several acres of cobblestones. Stony Point, so called for its mass of stones, is made up entirely of small rocks, and every severe gale moves many tons of them to some new portion. During the summer, the Point extends toward the northeast, but, when winter comes, it shifts its position to the east and extends for nearly fifty yards into the water. It is ten or twelve feet high in some places. During a storm the sound of the stones grinding against each other can be heard a long distance away.

Most of the beach stones are of quartz in some of its many forms and granite, or gneiss which contains a large percentage of quartz. These are harder and will withstand the action of the weather and water for a longer time. Even the sand along the sea shore is made up almost entirely of tiny fragments of quartz.

The beach has other things of interest for us, for the marine plants which are cast upon the shore are many and varied. Seaweed is used by coastal agriculturists for fertilizer. In the fall the heavy gales and seas pile large masses of it on the shore, and it is hauled away by the cartload. For the process of soil enrichment nothing surpasses ordinary seaweed. Japan declares seaweed is an ideal food for all ages. It is the basis of all sea life and sea food. It is as easy for children to digest as for adults and may be served in many palatable forms. Rich in iodine, certain varieties are valuable for medicinal purposes. Marine plants are utilized extensively in some of the European countries, but in no country are such products so commercially important as in Japan. At a few places on the New England coast

the species of marine algae known as Irish moss, and dulse are used to a limited extent for food.

Noman's Land has much to offer the person who wishes to study the ways and beauties of nature. Food can be obtained with little effort — good health is assured — and sports and diversions of all kinds can be found. There, as everywhere, however, a contented mind is essential.

THE HOME LIGHT

Ever been a little late
Sailing home at night?
Mighty cold and hungry
Sorry for your plight.

All at once around the Head
Home comes into view.
Cheery kitchen window.
Light-a-shining through.

Yonder are the home folks
Waiting for your call.
Supper ready, waiting
Table set — and all.

Funny how it gets you.
Warms you through and through
That home light in the window
Shining just for you.

Ralph W. Wood.



CHAPTER 2.

The Stone

A DISCOVERY of great importance to historians and scholars has recently been made on the shore of the little island of Noman's Land. A large rock with an inscription chiselled upon it was found several years ago on the western shore at the foot of a huge boulder from which it evidently fell many years before. The stone is a hard, dark-blue quartz, and, because of its unusual appearance, an examination was made which disclosed the chiselled face, and careful inspection revealed the resemblance to Runic characters such as were used in Greenland and Iceland a thousand years ago.

The inscription translated into English reads;

Leif Eriksson

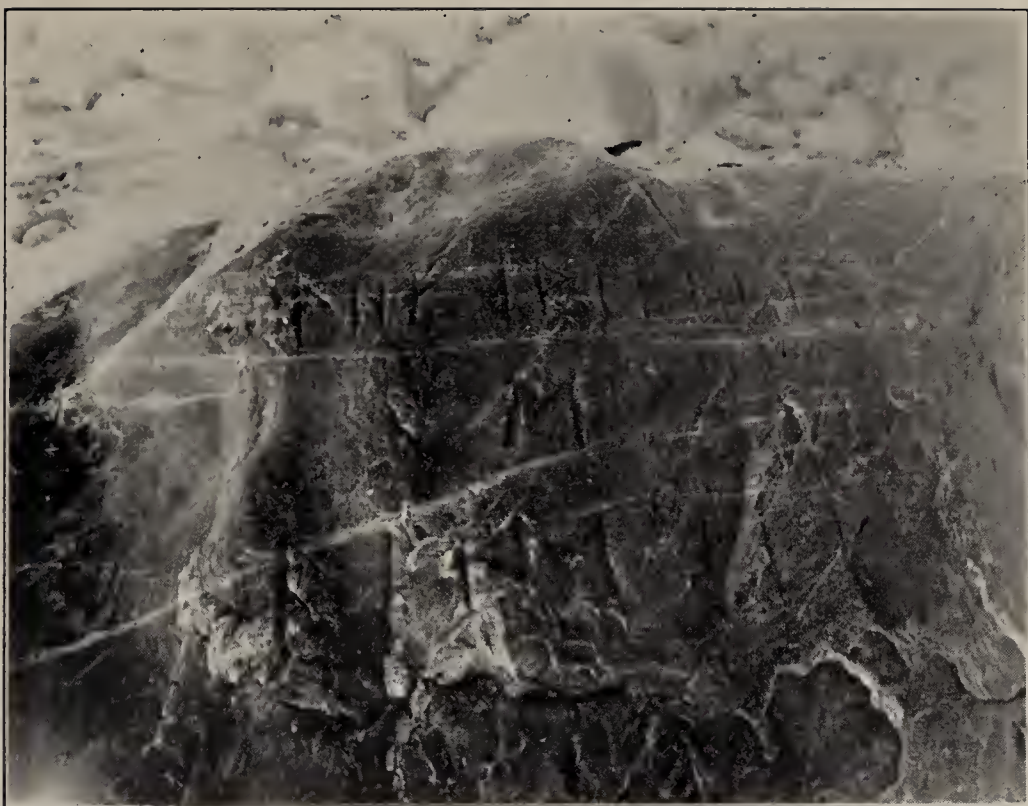
1001

There are two lines below which are so nearly obliterated that their exact meaning can not be determined. A tracing of the inscription has been made, and scientists and

experts in European languages of the past centuries have examined it to ascertain its authenticity. They have not yet agreed, however, that the inscription is genuine, but, with the knowledge which we have from history of Leif Eriksson and the voyages of the Norsemen, the discovery of the rock on Noman's Land with its Runic inscription furnishes interesting proof that it was upon these shores that the Norsemen landed when they reached the new world.

The stone is irregularly rectangular in shape and weighs approximately three tons. The side upon which the letters are chiselled is sixty inches wide and forty-one inches across. It is entirely covered with water at high tide, and it is only at a very low tide that the spot can be reached dry-shod. The centuries have polished it to such an extent that the characters are hardly noticeable when the rock is dry. The wearing effects of the wind and waves for hundreds of years make it decidedly difficult to trace some of the shallow lines of the characters and distinguish them from the natural seams and crevices. The depressions can be easily felt, however, and when examined under a magnifying glass can be plainly seen. When wet, the inscription shows quite clearly. It would never have been noticed when the stone was resting high up on the cliffs.

The stone now lies at the side of an enormous granite boulder measuring seventy-five feet in circumference. Undoubtedly, both of these rocks were originally placed on the top of the cliff near whose base they lie, with the smaller stone resting upon the top of the larger. At the present time the stones lie fifty-eight feet from the base of the cliff from which they toppled some time during the past centuries. The cliffs are a composition of clay and loam and are gradually wearing away. Every gale when the wind is in that quarter brings down its toll of stones and clay onto the beach below. Years ago this must have been the highest headland



Inscriptions on the Norse rock.



Inscriptions chalked in for greater legibility



on the western side of the island, for back from the cliffs the land has a steep downward slope. The stone was probably placed there to serve as a marker for the explorers when they wished to return to the island.

It has long been known that Leif Eriksson made a voyage of exploration to the new world about the year 1000 A. D., and accounts of his voyages are given in the Sagas of Greenland and Iceland. At first these accounts were in the form of ancient epics or lyrics, but about the year 1200 A. D. they were put in writing in both countries. These agree on the essential facts of the visits of the Norsemen to the American coast.

There are, doubtless, several reasons why the discoveries of the Norsemen have been overlooked and why history has not given them full credit for what they found. The principal reason is, undoubtedly, because the results of their voyages were not recorded in writing at the time. These expeditions sailed from Greenland which, geographically, lies in an isolated position at a great distance from civilized countries and hemmed in by ice for the greater part of the year. It is known that ships only sailed to Norway at long intervals, probably once a year. Therefore, the world knew little of the Norsemen or what they had accomplished.

Another important reason is the fact that the voyages were private enterprises, undertaken in a spirit of adventure and with a desire for gain, while Christopher Columbus was financed by the Sovereign of a well-known country, and the entire civilized world anxiously waited to see if he could find a passage to India.

There has been much controversy over the exact position of Vinland which, according to the Sagas, might lie anywhere on the New England coast. For years, however, it has been agreed that, from the geographical description given, the territory is south of Cape Cod. Mt. Hope Bay in

Rhode Island has been accepted by many people, as Boston has by others. Other localities have been mentioned by different writers, but, although there is nothing to disprove their claims, there is no authentic evidence that would prove beyond a doubt that the Norsemen had visited their shores. It was thought for many years that Dighton Rock on the Taunton River was the work of the Norsemen, but the inscription has at last been deciphered by Professor Delabarre who shows it to have been made by Miguel Cortereal, a Portuguese explorer, who came to this country in 1511 and was never heard from afterward.

The stone tower at Newport, Rhode Island, was likewise thought to be of Norse origin, but papers have been discovered which prove it was an old gristmill built by Benedict Arnold, governor of Rhode Island, and owned and used by him. All these facts tend to show the importance of the discovery of the stone on the shores of Noman's Land.

The Norsemen were known to be men of great natural ability and sound common sense, and evidences of these traits are shown in their selection of a rock to carry their message down through the ages. It is the most suitable variety for the purpose that could have been found on the island. It is very hard and so could withstand the centuries of wear and still retain its inscription. The surface is smooth, for there are fewer cracks and crevices in stones of igneous origin. In its position on the top of the headland, the stone could be seen against the sky for a long distance out to sea and served as a guide to those bold seamen when they wished to return to Vinland.

The date line on the inscription is written in Roman numerals and reads M l. It is of importance to know that material has been found showing that Leif Eriksson had an understanding of the Roman system of notation. The winter previous to his Vinland voyage he was instructed in

Christian religion by priests, and the Sagas say that he carried Christianity into Greenland in the year 1000 A. D. There was also another member of the Vinland expedition who doubtless understood them. Tyrker, a native of the south of Germany, was among the explorers, and he is described as a man of great skill and ability and a man of much learning. He had lived at Leif's home in Greenland for many years and had taught him the sciences of navigation and astronomy as well as many other things.

Of significance also is the fact that, according to the Sagas, no natives were seen near Leif's house in Vinland at any time during the four winters that the Norsemen spent there, and the fact that when they sailed forth on voyages of exploration they encountered numerous savages, is incontestable proof that the territory which they named Vinland was an island and not upon the mainland.

The isolated position of Noman's Land is, beyond a doubt, the reason why the discovery of the stone was not made years ago. For the past fifteen years the island has been privately owned by Joshua Crane of Boston and has been kept as a private game preserve. No trespassers are allowed, and there are but few visitors. In the years before that, it was inhabited by fishermen who would not have been interested even if they had noticed the queer markings on the rock and would have attached little, if any, significance to them. The western part of the island where the stone was found has never been settled and has probably been rarely visited, for the entire headland is covered with a tangled growth of coarse beach grass.

To sum up the facts which prove the authenticity of the stone's inscription: first, and of most importance, is the appearance of the stone itself. Anyone can see that it has taken hundreds of years for the elements to wear away and polish smooth the surface of such a hard, fine-grained stone. Secondly, it is decidedly doubtful that anyone living in such a

remote place would have been likely to understand the characters and spelling of the Norse language, and, if they did, it is most unlikely that they would have forged an inscription in such an inaccessible locality where there was such small chance of discovery. We know that Gosnold landed on the island in 1602, but he remained only one day, and one can hardly imagine any of his party forging an inscription in Runic. And, thirdly, considered geographically, Norman's Land is in a position where ships are much more likely to approach its shores than are the other places that have endeavored to claim the honor of being the Vinland of the ancient Norsemen.

MOODS.

The winds, and the night, and the stormy sea —

Am I not one with the mighty three?

For the storm in my brain is rushing ever.

And the dark of the night goes on forever

And the sea of my dreams is surgeless never.

The wind, and the night, and the stormy sea,

Am I not one with the mighty three?

The calm and the night and the starlit sea —

Am I not one with the timeless three?

For I travel the night with never a chart,

Of the sea my soul is a deathless part,

And the calm is deep in my quiet heart.

The calm and the night and the starlit sea,

Am I not one with the timeless three?



They steered by the stars.

CHAPTER 3.

The Coming of the Norsemen

WITH the story of the discovery of the rock on Norman's Land in mind, the Sagas, those folk tales of the Norse, were searched and from them has been learned accounts of the Norsemen and their voyages.

The Norse were a brave and hardy race, and sometimes one who was more dominant and adventurous than the others could not reside peacefully in the community. This was true of Erik the Red, who as a young man left Norway for Iceland. A few years later he again had trouble and was banished from Iceland. This time he set out and discovered new land which he named Greenland. When his discovery became known, thirty-five ships were sent with colonists, but only fourteen arrived in Greenland, some of them being driven back and others lost. This was in the year 985 A. D. Erik the Red, who was an able man and held in high esteem, made his settlement on the west coast of Greenland. He had four children; Leif, Thorvald, Thorstein, and Freydis.

A few years later, Bjarni Hergulfson set sail for Greenland but lost his way and sailed for many days in a fog.

The Norsemen were without a compass or quadrant and guided their ships by the stars. Hergulfson sighted land covered with trees far to the south but did not go ashore. When at last he returned to Greenland, he told what he had seen, and it was soon after that Leif Eriksson, the son of Erik the Red, set out to find the land which Hergulfson had sighted. He bought the ship of Bjarni and with a crew of thirty-five set sail from Greenland in the year 1000 A. D.

The vessels of that day were strongly built with high sides, and they did not draw more than four feet of water. They had one mast placed in the center with the auxiliary power of perhaps thirty-two oars, each about twenty feet long. The ships were open the entire length with no protection for crew or cargo.

The first land that Leif Eriksson and his men sighted was flat and stony with icebergs all around. This they called Helluland, from Hellu, meaning a flat stone. This is thought to be what is now called Labrador. The next land which they saw was flat, covered with woods and with extensive white sandy beaches. Leif called this Markland. Leaving Markland, which is now Nova Scotia, they traveled for two days before sighting more land. They sailed southward along the shore, which they described as low with a broad beach of white sand, until they came to an island. This must have been Cape Cod, and the island upon which they went ashore was probably Nauset. The weather was fine, and they found dew which had a sweet taste on the grass.

Soon they again boarded their ship and sailed into a sound between the islands and a cape which stretched northward from the land. They sailed westward past the cape into water which was so shallow that their ship grounded at low tide. Leif and his men were so anxious to get ashore that they rowed to land in their long, or after boat, and when the tide rose, they floated the ship up the passage where they cast anchor.

It is thought by some writers that this refers to Menemsha and that Leif first landed there. It may mean, however, the lake and outlet on Noman's Land. There is no proof to which is referred.

The Norsemen brought ashore their skin cots which were bags filled with clothing and personal belongings. At first they made themselves huts, but later, when they decided to remain there during the winter they built larger houses, probably of stone and sods. There are traces on the island of a stone house which may have been built at that time. There was very little ice or snow, and they found the climate so good that cattle did not require house feeding during the winter months. The cattle of the Norsemen were a small, hardy breed with a rough shaggy coat, something like the Scotch Highland cattle of today.

After the houses were finished, Leif divided his men into two companies, one to make daily trips of exploration, and the other to remain near the houses cutting trees and vines for the loading of the ship. There were no large trees in Greenland, and lumber was needed in their ship building. They used strong roots or vines to bind together the timbers, although they used large iron rivets for the heavy planking on the hull of the ships. These Norsemen were merchants who furnished their own vessels and equipment and should not be confused with the old Viking free booters.

On their trips of exploration the men found no traces of inhabitants. Salmon, larger than they had ever seen, were plentiful in the lake. There were quantities of grapes, and they filled their long boat with them, probably in a dried state. Because of the abundance of grapes Leif named the country "Vinland".

In the spring of 1001 they made ready to return to Greenland, but before sailing away they wanted some prominent object to guide them when they wished to return. So,

on the highest headland of the western shore, on the top of an enormous granite boulder firmly embedded in the ground, they placed a large stone and chiselled upon it in Runic letters the name, Leif Eriksson, and the date, 1001. Then, with the rock firmly placed as a marker, they sailed away, reaching Greenland in safety.

The news which they brought back to Greenland furnished great excitement among the people and Leif's brother, Thorvald, thinking the land had not been sufficiently explored, planned a voyage with his brother's ship. In the year 1002 A. D. he sailed with a crew of thirty men. They reached Vinland, laid up their ship, and spent a pleasant winter catching sufficient fish for their support. In the spring they started on their voyages of exploration in their ship and long boat. They found many islands near by, much shallow water, and extensive white sands. While they were exploring, they saw many savages and once were shot at from the shore. Thorvald was wounded by an arrow and soon died. His men buried him on a prominent headland. Following his instructions they returned to the island where they spent the following winter preparing a cargo for their ship. In the spring they returned to Greenland.

Soon after, Leif's brother, Thorstein, sailed in the same ship to bring back the body of his brother, Thorvald, but he could not find the shores of the new world. After drifting around in the ocean for many days, he at last found his way back to Greenland where he soon died.

About the year 1007 A. D. his widow, Gudrid, married to Thorfinn Karlsefne, fitted out a large expedition with three ships and one hundred and forty men, taking their families and stock with them, for they intended to remain. There is much doubt that they ever sailed as far south as Vinland. They spent three years in the new country, and the first European child, Snorri, son of Thorfinn Karlsefne, was born at that time. They found the natives very hostile,

and after losing many of their men they became disheartened and returned to Greenland.

At this time there was much interest felt in Greenland concerning voyages to Vinland, for they seemed to bring both profit and honor. Freydis, sister of Leif Erikson, wished to make the voyage, and Leif loaned her the use of his houses in Vinland. She was joined by two brothers from Iceland, and in the year 1011 A. D. they set sail, each ship with a crew of thirty men besides the women. Having a larger and better ship, the Icelanders arrived at the island in advance of Freydis and took their belongings to Leif's house. When Freydis arrived she was very angry, claiming that she alone had a right to her brother's property. The brothers were forced to build themselves a separate house farther inland and on the shore of the lake. There was much ill feeling between the two houses, and soon discord arose. All intercourse between them ceased.

Freydis was an avaricious woman and would do anything for her own gain. She finally went to the brothers and asked them to exchange ships with her. Thinking this might satisfy her and remedy the ill feeling that had come between them, the brothers agreed to give her their ship which was much larger and stronger than hers. Her story to her husband, however, was so entirely different that he thought his wife had been insulted and ordered his men to seize the brothers and their companions. Whereupon, Freydis caused them all to be killed. Only the women were left, and as no one would kill them Freydis took an axe and killed them herself. She appeared well satisfied with her work and threatened the life of any of her crew who ever mentioned the incident. In the spring, after making their ship ready, they returned to Greenland.

In the course of time, rumors were abroad of the trouble in Vinland, and Leif finally heard of it. He was greatly

troubled and predicted little prosperity for them or for their offspring. And so it was.

After this ill-fated expedition no record can be found of any further voyages to Vinland. It may have been visited by wandering tribes of Indians, but they did not dwell there permanently. For nearly 600 years Noman's Land was left to the undisputed possession of the birds and animals.



CHAPTER 4.

Gosnold's Visit

IN 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold, the English explorer, landed on the little island of Noman's Land and remained one day and one night before going on to the neighboring island of Cuttyhunk.

On March 26, 1602, Gosnold, in command of two ships, the Concord and the Dartmouth, left Falmouth, England, on a voyage of discovery to the new world. Following an uneventful voyage, they first sighted land near Cape Ann, and sailing southward around Cape Cod, they passed between the islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. They cruised along the southern shore of Martha's Vineyard, and on May 22nd, old style of reckoning, or June 3rd new style, they came to an uninhabited island which is now known as Noman's Land. Casting anchor south of the island in eight fathoms of water, part of the company landed to explore the territory.

They found magnificent forests of huge trees and an abundance of fruit and berries of all kinds. The trees were

mostly beech and cedar, and near the shore were low bushy trees covered with blossoms. These are the beach plums which are still found on the island. They discovered strawberries, both red and white, as sweet and much larger than they had ever seen in England. They saw raspberries, huckleberries and such an incredible store of vines, mostly of the grape, that it was impossible to walk without treading upon them. In the woods the vines ran on every tree, and everywhere wild roses grew in profusion. There were quantities of wild peas in plots all over the island, as there are at the present time.

They discovered many springs of clear water and a large lake near the sea shore. This lake, maintained by springs and beautiful brooks which flowed through the woodland, was about a mile in circumference. Now it is known as East Bend Pond and is only about two-thirds its former size, being partially filled with sand, but the outlines of the larger lake can still be traced.

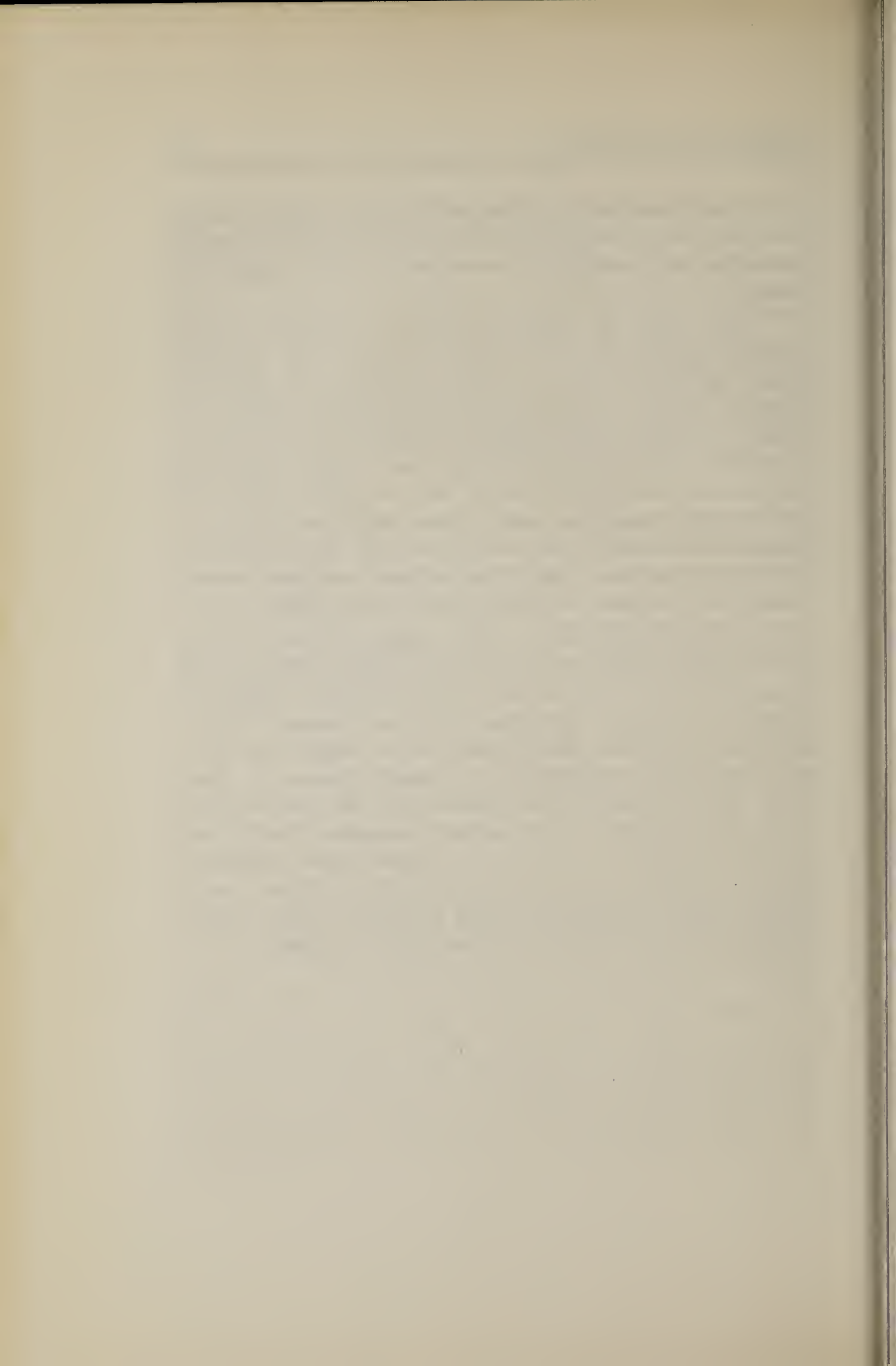
The ground was rough and stony, and they saw great numbers of deer running through the forest and tracks of many other wild animals. The cliffs were covered with flocks of noisy sea birds; geese, cranes, herons, bittern, teals, shoalers, and numerous others, many of them having their young with them.

On the north side of the island were huge bones and ribs of whale. Shellfish abounded, reminding these brave and hardy men of the shellfish at home. Great varieties of stones suitable for the construction of houses were found, and the beach was covered with smaller stones, many of them glistening and shining like metal. They saw no inhabitants but found an old hut made of boughs covered with bark, also an old piece of an Indian weir which they used for catching fish. There were one or two places where fires had been built.

Gosnold and his men thought the island such a lovely place that they named it Martha's Vineyard, but this name was afterward mistakenly transferred to the neighboring island.

After a day of exploration the men returned to their ships, weighed anchor, and sailed around to the northwest side of the island where they spent the night. The next day thirteen Indians appeared on the shore with offerings of boiled fish which they carried in baskets made of twigs. They were tall, well-proportioned men, armed with bows and arrows, and had no fear of the white men. The Indians also had deer skins and tobacco which the Englishmen thought much stronger and better than they had ever tasted. In exchange for these things the Indians were given knives, points and such like, and they departed well satisfied.

Gosnold's ships then weighed anchor and sailed northward past Gay Head which they named Dover Cliffs and into a sound which is now called Vineyard Sound, landing on Cuttyhunk to which they gave the name Elizabeth Island. After remaining there for a time and erecting a stone fort, the men became dissatisfied and wished to return to England. So, on June 17, old style or June 29, new style of reckoning, they made ready for their departure. Sailing out by Dover Cliffs they anchored near Noman's Land, and some of the company went ashore where they captured young cranes, herons and geese to take back with them to their country. The following day they set sail for England.





ANCIENT ARROW-MAKERS
AT WORK

CHAPTER 5.

The Shellheap

AFTER the departure of Gosnold, for many years Noman's Land was undoubtedly used as a summer camping ground by the Indians of Martha's Vineyard. We have no way of determining the exact date when they came to dwell permanently on the island, but there are records showing that it was inhabited by Indians in 1702.

The red men have left behind them incontestable evidence of their stay. Traces of them are seen in many places, and their principal camp appears to have been near East Bend Pond. Weapons were found there in large numbers. Some of the older inhabitants recall seeing marks of their encampments and a circle of stones, said to be the location of a large Indian wigwam.

All these relics have since disappeared, but near the site of the old Indian camp is a large plot of ground called the Shellheap where, from one to three feet below the surface,

can be found an extensive layer of shells and bones. The land has been under cultivation for years, and the soil has been washed down in the hollows. Sand has blown over it from the beach during the strong northeast gales which often rage over the island. Seaweed and other fertilizers have been added to enrich the soil. All of these, combined with the accumulations of four hundred years, now cover the ancient dining place of the Indians. We can still see them in imagination, gathered around their campfire, busily engaged in making weapons or preparing food. Traces of fire are seen on many of the stones found nearby, and undoubtedly, when the white men came, they gathered up the stones on or near the surface for use in the construction of stone walls which are found all over the island.

Shells of all kinds of shellfish; oysters, river scallops, sea clams, river clams, winkles and conks have been found in the Shellheap. This shows that there must have been some sheltered water on Noman's Land at that time, for river scallops, oysters, and river clams are never found in the open sea. This also would verify the theory that East Bend Pond was at some time connected with the ocean by a broad outlet. The Indians naturally wanted to cook their shellfish near the place where they had procured them, for the fish were heavy and inconvenient to handle. Therefore, they chose this spot which was near a large spring and close to the shores of the lake. Their method of cooking was the same as the white people use today when preparing clam bakes. In fact the white men acquired their knowledge from the Indians.

They did not live entirely upon shellfish, however, as an examination of the Shellheap enables us to perceive. There is, buried deep in the ground, a section from the vertebra of a whale. The Indians highly approved of whale meat as a food, and they were extremely bold and skillful in their pursuit and capture of these huge mammals of the



Digging for Indian relics—proof of Indian life on Noman's Land



Indian relics unearthed on Noman's Land.



deep. Gosnold, in his account, mentions the bones of whales which he saw lying on the beach at Noman's Land.

Seals and porpoises also appear to have figured largely in their diet. The flesh is strong and oily and is not considered particularly palatable by white people. Evidently, it was as much appreciated by the Indians as it has always been by the Eskimos. Even at the present time, on a bright, warm winter's day, seals are often seen lying upon the rocks close to the shore where they can be easily killed. Porpoises are often seen, also, but they are wily and quick and must have been hard to obtain.

The Indians had an abundance of deer meat, for there are found the wide branching antlers of the buck, as well as many smaller horns and numerous teeth and bones. We know that deer were numerous upon the island at the time of Gosnold's visit, and they could be easily killed, for their range was restricted by the size of the island.

The bones of many different varieties of birds have been brought to light. Those of the geese and several distinct kinds of ducks and sea fowls can be easily identified. Bones which are thought to be those of the Great Auk have been uncovered. This was a large, clumsy bird, very dexterous in the water, but unable to fly. The manner in which the natives caught these huge birds was by erecting stakes, or weirs, across an inlet and driving the birds into the opening at high tide. When the tide receded, they could easily strike them down with clubs. These interesting birds have now become extinct.

It is impossible to accurately classify all the different bones found in the Shellheap. Perhaps they belonged to some of the smaller animals which existed on the island at that time. There are no traces of small fish and birds, lobsters and crabs, for their bones and shells would not remain intact for any length of time, but, undoubtedly, the Indians had them.

To the Indians with their simple tastes and manners of living, the island must have been a land of plenty with its natural resources of fish, game, and berries, and they must have dwelt in peace and comfort, for their material needs could be supplied with such little effort.

Fragments of pottery have been brought to light from the Shellheap. There are small pieces of reddish color, apparently made from clay obtained from the cliffs at Gay Head. It looks as if the clay had been simply molded into the desired shapes and baked. There are larger pieces of pottery of a brownish color which is more porous. Some other ingredient was mixed with the clay. Among these is a large bowl-shaped dish used for cooking and still showing a greasy, discoloration on the inside. The dish is about a quarter of an inch in thickness without glazing or finish of any kind. The edges are smooth and evenly finished, and there are fragments which show an out-curved lip at the top. It would appear that some of their pottery was crudely ornamented with circles and spheres of different colors painted upon it before it was baked and with several parallel grooves encircling the top.

Many tools and weapons have been found mingled with the culinary department of the native housewives. Stone hammers still show upon their faces the marks of the blows which were struck centuries ago by the red men. The tomahawks are of different styles and patterns, all made of various kinds of stone. Some of them were carefully and skillfully fashioned. When firmly attached by thongs to the end of a wooden shaft, they must have made most effective weapons, fully equal to the ordinary hatchets of the present day. Tomahawks were used in the chase as well as in war. They were used not only in close fighting but were thrown to a considerable distance, often so dexterously that the sharp edge of the weapon first struck the object at which it was aimed.

They ground and polished their tools and weapons by rubbing them upon other stones, and several of these grinding stones have been unearthed, worn thin from constant use. There are long, slim cylindrical stones showing traces of much wear. These may have been used as punches for making holes in the deer and seal skins through which raw hide was laced. Small circular stones with grooves made around them were probably used as sinkers.

The weapons of the Indians were numerous and varied, and many of their arrows and spears have been found, all of them tipped with stone. The wood has long since disappeared, but the stone points remain to tell the story. Evidently many of the points were only partly made, for, when they were imperfect, or, through some fault in the rock, became broken, they were immediately discarded. This would account for the crude workmanship which is evidenced on so many of them.

The arrow and spear points were of many different sizes and patterns. Some of the arrow heads were similar to small acute triangles with all edges thin and sharp. Others had narrow grooves on both sides near the base around which the thongs were placed when fastening the point to the wooden shaft. There were blunt-pointed arrows, often used in the killing of small birds or game. With these they were able to stun their quarry and capture them without injuring the meat.

The spear points ranged in size, from tiny ones, an inch long, to broad, heavy ones five inches long. These were of various shapes. A common form was a point, broadest at the center and tapering off to a long sharp point at the top, the base extending down into a strong, broad shank. This facilitated attaching it to the handle. Other points were long and thin with very sharp edges, the top forming a narrow acute angle. Some were heavier and thicker with a more rounded edge, and seemed destined for stronger spears.

Many different kinds of stone were used in the making of these tools and weapons, most of which was found on the island. It would appear that the natives made use of material near at hand which they could easily obtain. When the result was not to their liking, they threw the articles away and began again. Their time was unlimited. They were not victims of the great American vice of hurrying. They were strong and healthy. Their nerves were steady, and their patience has always been noted as one of their most important characteristics.

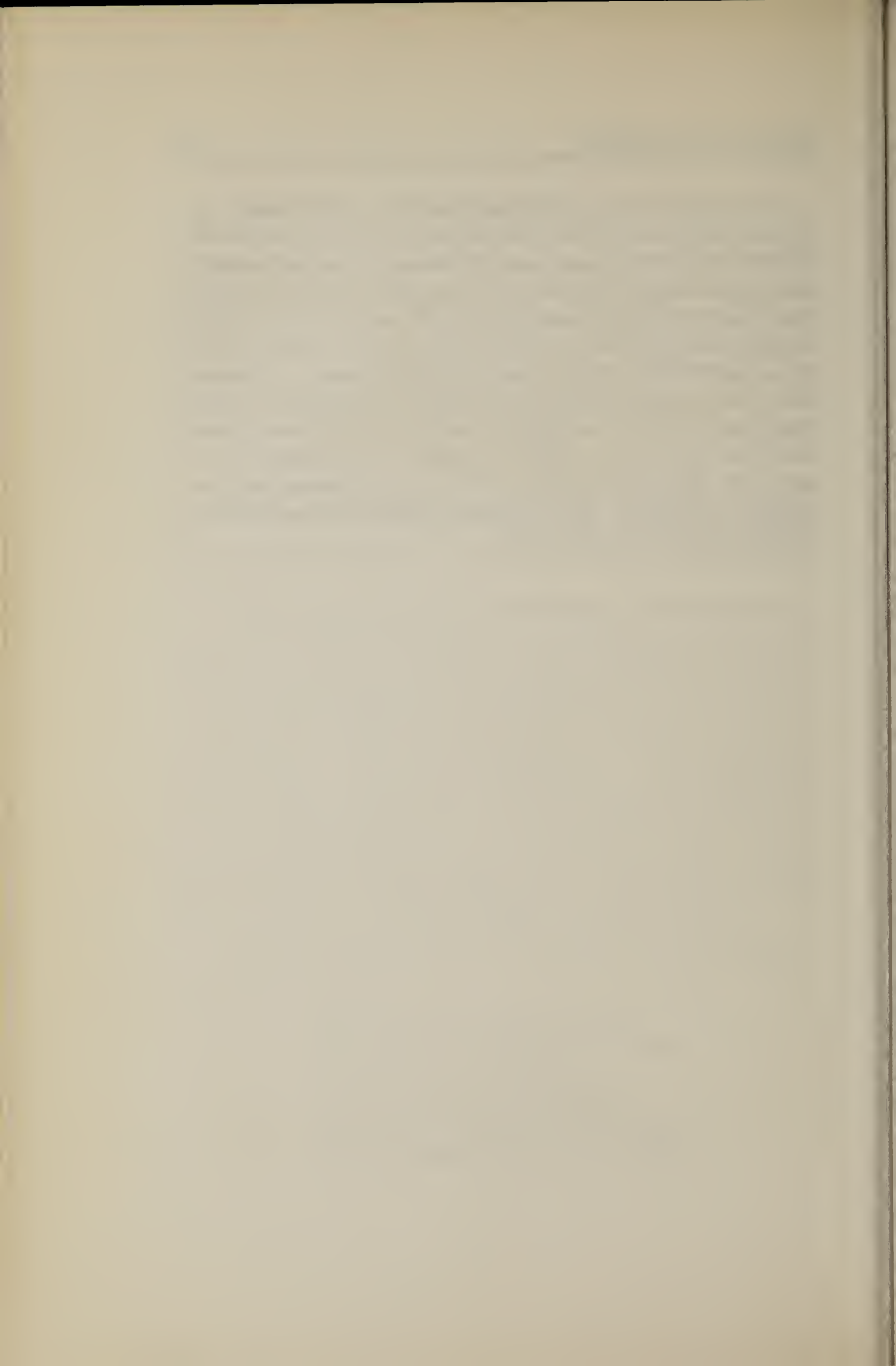
Quartz in its various forms was a common material used. It is of crystalline formation and is not easy to chip into a specified shape. It is very hard and made excellent points.

When obtainable, flint or chalcedony, in their different forms, were ideal materials for the construction of stone implements. Flint is of nearly the same composition as quartz, but it is not crystalline in form and therefore can be chipped to a required design without difficulty. About as hard as quartz, flint has played an important role in the development of civilization. Early men first broke it into rough tools such as knives, axes, spear and arrow points. These were used as cutting tools of one sort or another, for they held an edge better than those made of other stone. The men of the Stone Age used flint whenever they could obtain it, and later, men learned to grind the edges to a smooth outline.

The American Indians when discovered still used flint in its rough-hewn state.

“There the ancient Arrow-maker
Made his arrow heads of sand stone,
Arrow heads of chalcedony
Arrow heads of flint and jasper,
Smooth and sharpened at the edges,
Hard and polished, keen and costly.”

The Shellheap is a never-ending source of interest. In it are buried the records of the Indians, their lives and work. Hidden away centuries ago beneath the surface of the ground, these records have been preserved so nearly intact that they can be observed and studied today. We gain a clear insight into the ways and habits of these people, their weapons and tools, their dishes, and the food which they ate. In imagination, we can easily reconstruct their lives on Noman's Land when they were the undisputed owners of this lovely little island far out to sea. And we wonder, if, in the years to come, our lives and manners will be as interesting and important to others as are the lives of the American Indians to the people of the present day.





Indians at East Bend Pond

CHAPTER 6.

Indians of Noman's Land

THE Indians of Noman's Land who came across the water from Martha's Vineyard were the Pokanankets, a sub-division of the Narragansett tribe. They all belonged to the powerful Algonquin Nation whose domain extended from Newfoundland to the Gulf of Mexico and westward nearly to the Rocky Mountains, and whose skill and sagacity have been themes of many frontier tales by some of our foremost American writers.

In the account of the Indians which Gosnold wrote after his visit to the island in 1602, he described them as being taller than the English, well-formed, and in excellent physical condition. They had dark olive complexions with black hair and eyebrows. They wore their hair long and tied behind in knots in which they stuck feathers of birds in the fashion of a coronet. Some of them had thin black beards, but frequently they made themselves false beards from the skins of animals. One Indian, seeing a sailor with a red beard which he believed was false, wished to exchange it for one of his own making. They wore no clothing except a

small, black leather apron made of deer skin, and their bodies were painted in crude designs. They all had chains, earrings or collars made of copper which they undoubtedly obtained from the natives of Lake Superior by a system of exchange or purchase through intermediary tribes on the mainland. The chains were made of many hollow pieces of copper which they had skillfully cemented together, each piece the size of a reed and a finger in length. They had ten or twelve of these on a string which they wore around their necks. Collars were made of other finer pieces evenly set together, with about four hundred forming a collar. They valued these trinkets so little that they were willing to exchange their finest collar for a knife. They were exceedingly courteous and of a gentle disposition, friendly and fearless of others. They were quick-eyed and steadfast. They had a strong sense of humor as was evidenced by the numerous toys which they had made.

In 1675, Daniel Gookin wrote, "The Pokanankets who reside to the east of the Narragansetts and on the islands adjoining have been a great people heretofore."

The opinions of these men and the subsequent history of the Indians who lived on the islands show that they were superior both physically and mentally to the other tribes of the Algonquin Nation. It is particularly important to note that they showed no evidence of treachery or cruelty which are considered universal characteristics of the Indian. It is only right to admit, however, that the white men were the first aggressors and were not fair in their dealings with the red men. Wherever the Indians were justly treated they responded in kind.

The government of the Indians was an absolute monarchy. When the English first came to the islands, the red men were under the jurisdiction of the great and good chief, Massasoit, who resided at what is now Bristol, Rhode Island. He was a loyal friend of the colonists, and during his long

and peaceful reign the white settlements prospered. They spread along the coast and near the principal rivers inland. Wamsutta succeeded his father, Massasoit, as chief ruler at the death of the latter in 1662. His brief reign ended within one year of its beginning, and he was in turn succeeded by his younger brother, Pometacom, who was derisively called King Phillip by the English.

King Phillip was a bold, crafty, perfidious Indian, gifted with a discerning mind and great sagacity. He perceived the settlers spreading over and taking possession of the country which had been the hunting ground of the Indians for generations. He foresaw clearly that drastic measures were necessary to save his people from extermination. Consequently, he planned simultaneous attacks upon the settlers throughout his widely extended domains and did all in his power to wipe out or frighten away the invaders.

It is well to remember that the hideous custom of scalping victims was not practiced by the Indians of New England until 1637. The Puritans began the custom of offering cash for the heads of their enemies, later accepting scalps. During the French and Indian Wars, large bounties were offered by both the French and English for the scalps of their enemies. Sometimes as much as five hundred dollars was paid for a man's scalp, and from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars for that of a woman or child. Over a long period of years human hair was a larger item of traffic than fur. In one lot the Senaca tribe delivered and received payment for ten thousand and fifty scalps taken from the heads of white men, women, and children along the frontier. Christian races, not savage ones, originated these terrible deeds.

During the dark and bloody days of King Phillip's War in 1675, the Indians of Martha's Vineyard, who at that time numbered more than fifteen hundred, owed allegiance to King Phillip. Yet they were unfailingly kind to the scat-

tered colonists, and during the entire struggle they dwelt in peace and harmony together. After a stormy reign of fourteen years King Phillip's dream of Indian supremacy failed to be realized. Some of the more hostile tribes were nearly exterminated, and King Philip, himself, met death at the hands of a treacherous Indian. This occurred in 1676. The power of the Indian in New England was ended. There were scattered hostilities afterward, but no united attacks. When civilized man conflicts with the savage and unclaimed nature, the power and forces of training and education are always victorious. This undoubtedly is the scheme of the universe, the survival of the fittest.

Each small tribe of Indians had its own chief who was called a sachem. This was usually a hereditary honor which descended to the sons, although sometimes it was held by a daughter or a son's widow. Now and then a sachem was chosen by the tribe from among its own people or even from some other tribe. It is mentioned in the history of Martha's Vineyard that one of their sachems was from the well-known tribe of Wampanoags who lived on Cape Cod.

Before the arrival of the English the Indians worshipped the Great Spirit. They had a regular order of priesthood, or medicine men, whom they called powwows. These men were skilled in many practices and arts by which they earned the reputation among the credulous natives of having supernatural powers.

William Wood wrote in 1634, "Their powwows betake themselves to their exorcisms and necromantic charms by which they bring to pass many strange things, if we may believe the reports of the Indians."

When the Indians worshipped, they danced and sang and begged the sun or the moon, as they thought most likely to hear them, to send the desired favors. These were usually personal wishes such as good health, or recovery of some

friend or relative from illness, good luck in hunting, rain or fair weather, whichever they desired at the time.

When Rev. Thomas Mayhew came to the Vineyard in 1642, he, from the first, treated the Indians justly. He gained their confidence and immediately began his missionary work among them. At the beginning many held aloof, only a few being friendly, but, when they saw how much good Christianity was doing the favored few, they all eagerly sought to embrace it. In 1666, the last of the Vineyard Indians were christianized. Rev. Mayhew had accomplished a great work. Many of the young men were educated to be preachers, and it is recorded that the white settlers often attended churches presided over by Indian ministers.

The Indians learned civilized ways quickly, owned their own farms and property, and became respected members of the community. They were the pioneer whalers of America. At first, the white men viewed with astonishment the audacity with which the Indians in their frail birch bark canoes attacked the huge whales in their native element, and the models of the first whale boats used by the white men were replicas of the sharp, double-prowed canoes in all essential points. Later, when the white men fitted out ships to go after the sea monsters, the Indians were the most skillful members of the crew, especially as boat-headers. They were shipped in the crews together with the best white blood of the islands.

The homes or wigwams of the island Indians were dome-shaped made with small poles covered with mats. An opening was left at the top for the smoke from the fire to escape. The Indians on the mainland used skins for covering their wigwams, but there were not enough large animals on the islands for that purpose, so the Indians used mats woven of common marsh flags, or flower-de-luce. Probably long native grass was used for the warp, and where cat-tails were abund-

ant they were utilized. The method of weaving was by hand, probably the downward method which was commonly used by the Algonquin tribes. This was done by driving two stakes firmly into the ground, the distance apart depending upon the size of the mat. A stout vine or cord was attached to the top of one stake, then made taut to the other stake. The flags or rushes were closely fastened to this, and the warp was then woven by hand and pushed firmly into place. As in later days great stores of linens were spun and woven by the pioneer brides, Indian maidens wove grass mats in anticipation of the new wigwam. During the summer season rectangular houses built of boughs or frame work covered with bark were frequently used for the sake of coolness.

The Indians wove many baskets from a great variety of materials and for widely different purposes. When size and strength were required, the supple shoots of the willow were used. These baskets could be quickly made and were exceedingly durable. Flags or rushes were employed when a firm, closely-woven basket was desired. For more fancy ones, they used different kinds of native grasses. Their skill in making baskets has never been equaled, and, today, the few surviving Indians make use of this talent by weaving baskets to sell to the tourists.

They fashioned themselves pipes of various styles. Clay was commonly used for the bowls of the pipes and was modeled in all sorts of shapes and designs. Some had stems made of copper, skilfully cemented together to form a hollow tube. Now and then a hollow reed was used for a stem. Undoubtedly, they had pipes made of wood and corncobs, also. There is some controversy whether the island Indians had real tobacco before the English came. They may have obtained it from Virginia through the intermediary tribes on the mainland, or they may have used the local plant, lobelia, the so-called Indian Tobacco.

Their household utensils were few and crude. Pottery dishes made of clay often mixed with sand, gravel, or pulverized shells, with a rounded bottom and an out-curved lip at the top, were used. They were made by the coil system beginning at the base of the vessel and building up by applying the clay in firm coils. The pottery was often ornamented by putting on thin washes of various colored clay in crude designs. When completed, these pottery dishes were filled with fat and put over the fire. This method made them impervious to water, as the fat filled the pores of the clay. Wood and bark dishes were also common wherever birch bark was found. Gosnold tells us that they had large drinking cups of copper made in the form of skulls. The pestles for pounding up and pulverizing the corn were made of long cylindrical stones, and the mortars were frequently large flat stones with natural hollows in the center. They were also fashioned from oak by charring and hollowing out a cavity in the wood with successive applications of live coals.

The Indians had wild flax with which they made many strings and cords, and they twisted the flax together by rolling it upon their legs. It is said that an Indian woman always draped her blanket in such a manner that her right leg was exposed so that she could roll the flax into cords.

The Indian method of striking fire, according to Gosnold's description, is interesting. Each person carried with him in a small leather bag, a mineral stone tied firmly to a small stick and a flat emery stone. These were probably iron pyrites and quartz. Gently he would strike one stone upon the other, and, within a stroke or two, a flash would fall upon a piece of touchwood which he also carried with him. Thus a fire was started.

The Indians were accustomed to doing their cooking in the open air during the warm weather, and they scooped out a shallow hole in the ground and lined it with stones.

Here a fire was kindled and kept burning until the stones became very hot. Then the fire was raked off and the hot stones quickly covered with a layer of rockweed. The fish, meat or vegetables were then put in and another thick layer of rockweed placed closely over them. The steam caused by the hot stones thoroughly cooked the food and gave it a most appetizing flavor. Some things, requiring longer cooking, were entirely buried in a deeper hole.

The Indians of the islands raised corn, beans and squashes, and to prepare the ground for planting they burned it over in the fall. Wood, in his "New England Prospects in 1634" wrote, "There is no underbrush except in the swamps and low places, for it is the custom of the Indians to burn the land over in November."

A stout curved stick was used to loosen up the ground, and often fish or seaweed were added to hasten the growth of the crops. It has often been said that the Indian braves did little of the work, allowing their women to attend to all the household duties and farming, even to carrying all the burdens when they moved from place to place. This was absolutely necessary in a hostile country, for the men needed to be free and unencumbered in order to protect their families and property. They likewise attended to the hunting and fishing on which they depended for a goodly share of their living, and left the women of the tribe to give their attention to the domestic occupations near home.

Most of the weapons used by the Indians with the exception of some copper arrow and spear points were made of stone. From the different varieties available they fashioned arrowheads, spearheads, tomahawks and hammers. These they fastened to shafts, or handles, by thongs of skin or the inside of the bark of the willow tree. To shape their various weapons, several different methods were employed, depending upon the nature of the stone used.

These methods were chipping, pecking, grinding, sawing or drilling. The pebble was first brought to a generalized or blank form by striking it with another stone like a hammer. From this the desired implement was worked out. The fine chipping was done by hand pressure with a blunt-pointed bone tool or an antler of a deer. For pecking, parallel grooves were battered in the pebble, then the intervening ridges were pecked away. The battering tool was a long oval pebble of tough, hard stone. When the desired shape was obtained, the implement was smoothed and polished by rubbing it upon a suitable stone. Sawing was accomplished by means of thongs, sand and water, the same principle used in modern stone cutting. Soft stones were drilled with stone points, and again they made large perforations by pecking. First a pit was made in the stone, into which a hard pebble was laid and pounded upon until the hole reached the center. Then the stone was turned and the process repeated. It would appear that large blocks of stone were broken by means of wedges applied to a slight fracture.

Their bows were of different sizes and were made from native wood, easily obtained. Red cedar made excellent bows, for it was light in the hand insuring sweetness of cast. It had a considerable degree of elasticity and toughness. Its only drawback was that it became brittle with age. Being light and soft it required more bulk to make a bow of any given weight or drawing power. Next to red cedar ranked white ash which was tough, fairly elastic, and not too excessively heavy. The second-growth wood was finer-grained and tougher but not so elastic as the first growth. A bow made from a fairly fine-grained piece of old growth would usually retain its shape better and cast with more force than one made of second growth.

Next to ash came hickory. There were two requisites of a good bow, namely, toughness and elasticity. Hickory had the toughness but not the elasticity. Therefore, it tend-

ed to remain bent when the bow was unstrung and consequently had not much cast, although occasionally a suitable piece could be found. Hornbeam had much the same qualities as hickory. For the cord on their bows, the Indians used the sinews of the deer when it was possible to procure them, although the cords made from flax were strong and durable.

Their fishing implements were made of bone ingeniously bent into forms like hooks. They understood the use of nets constructed of animal gut, flax or vegetable fiber, as well as the making of weirs. Undoubtedly, they used spears for capturing the larger fish along the shores. One of their customs which has been adopted by the white men is the form of fishing at night by torch light. When a bright light is thrown on the water it causes the fish to remain quiet as if fascinated. Whereupon, they can be easily speared from a boat or from the bank. By means of erecting stakes or weirs across an inlet the Indians secured large quantities of fish when the tides receded. A weir was also used on small streams for catching herring. They made traps and snares to capture the smaller animals, but when deer-hunting, they worked together, one being posted in a favorable position while the others drove the deer by him.

The red men used both the dugout and the birch bark canoe. The dugout, which was made from a large log hollowed out by fire, was often used on rivers and lakes. It was heavy and lacked buoyancy and therefore would not ride the waves of the ocean as neatly as did the birch bark canoe, which was made from the outer bark of the birch. The bark can be stripped from the tree in large sheets made up of many thin, tough layers. The general method of construction was to shape the bark and fasten the bow and stern together with rawhide lacings. A frame work of green sticks was bent and laced firmly into position to shape the hull. Usually, it was necessary to add more bark to build up the sides, and this joining was made above the water line if possible. Long,

slender saplings, which served as gunwales, were bent into position and laced firmly to the bark, and the sides were held apart by stretchers placed about three feet apart. When the canoe was finished, the seams and cracks were calked, and pitch was heated and applied over the entire outside. This filled all the crevices and also preserved the bark.

When, at last, the Indian departed to the Happy Hunting Ground, his implements of war and chase were buried with him, and the household utensils were buried with the squaw. On the grave was arranged a circle of flat stones in which a fire was kept burning until the stones were red hot in order to drive away the evil spirits. The Indians buried their dead in a sitting position facing the east so that when the dawn came, brightening the eastern horizon, their eyes would behold its glory and radiance.



CHAPTER 7.

Indian Legends

THE basis for most of the Indian myths and legends was a crude form of divine worship. The red men recognized the existence of a supreme being who was the creator of the universe and all things therein. His place of abode was in the heavens. The entire Algonquin Nation had the same belief, and they called this omnipotent being "Michabo", which means Great White Light or Great Spirit; literally, life and the sun. The philosophy of the whole ancient world centered in the sunrise, the return of the giver of light and life, for these were incomprehensible wonders beyond their understanding.

The island Indians called this supreme being "Mosh-up", undoubtedly a local corruption of the name Michabo, but they accredited him with all the supernatural powers of the latter. He came to them in their dreams and told them the best localities for hunting and fishing. He devised all

their weapons or household utensils. An early missionary once said in disgust, "The Indians think that they cannot boil a pot without the aid of Moshup".

He was, in fact, the all-powerful one who ruled the destinies of their world and entered into the most trivial affairs of their daily life. His four sons represented the four cardinal points of the compass, and his daughter, who has been described as dressed in stripes, was symbolic of the dawn, the stripes representing the rays of the rising sun.

Some of the following legends were told over one hundred years ago to Benjamin Bassett of Chilmark by Thomas Cooper of Gay Head who was born about 1725. He in turn learned them from his grandmother who, to use her own expression, was "a stout girl" when the English first came to the islands in 1642.

The story goes that the first Indians who came to the islands were brought thither upon a cake of ice. They found a very large man, whose name was Moshup, living in a hollow about one hundred feet deep. This was in the edge of the cliffs several hundred feet south of where the lighthouse at Gay Head now stands. He had a wife and five children, four sons and one daughter. It was his custom to catch whales and take them to his cave where he roasted them. His fire was made from forest trees which he pulled up by the roots. To this day, the bones of the whales and the charcoal from his fires can be seen around his den. The Indians feared him, but he was kind to them and often left a whale for them on the beach.

One day his children became noisy and bothersome, so he sent them to play upon the low, sandy beach which joined Noman's Land to Martha's Vineyard. He then made a mark with his toes across the beach at each end so deep that the water flowed through and quickly cut away the beach from the mainland. The children were exceedingly frightened,

and the boys held their sister above the waves as best they could, as the water steadily rose. Their father called to them to pretend they were chasing whales. This they did and were transformed into killers which have pursued the whales ever since.

Moshup's wife mourned the loss of her children so much that her husband lost all patience with her and threw her away. She fell upon the rocks at Seconnet. Here she lived for some time by asking aid from everyone who passed. After a time she was changed into a stone, and the entire shape remained intact for many years. When the English came they broke off the head and arms, but most of the body still remains.

One day Moshup wished to visit the island of Cuttyhunk, and not wanting to get his feet wet, he filled his leather apron with stones and started to lay the foundation for a bridge. While thus busily engaged, a monster crab caught him by the toe and would not let go. Moshup angrily threw his apron full of stones in all directions and, after finally making the crab relinquish his hold, returned home to nurse his injured member. The stones which he scattered made what is now called Devil's Bridge, a dangerous spot in Vineyard Sound, well-known to mariners.

The Vineyard Indians had another version of this legend. The red men who lived on the Vineyard wanted a bridge built across to Cuttyhunk which the residents of Cuttyhunk strongly opposed, for they feared that their island would be overrun by the superior members of the Vineyard inhabitants. The people of the Vineyard begged Moshup to build the bridge for them, and he finally consented, the stipulation being that he should begin at sunset and stop when the cock crowed, whether the bridge was finished or not. The people of Cuttyhunk were greatly alarmed when they learned of his intentions and tried to think of some way to stop him. At

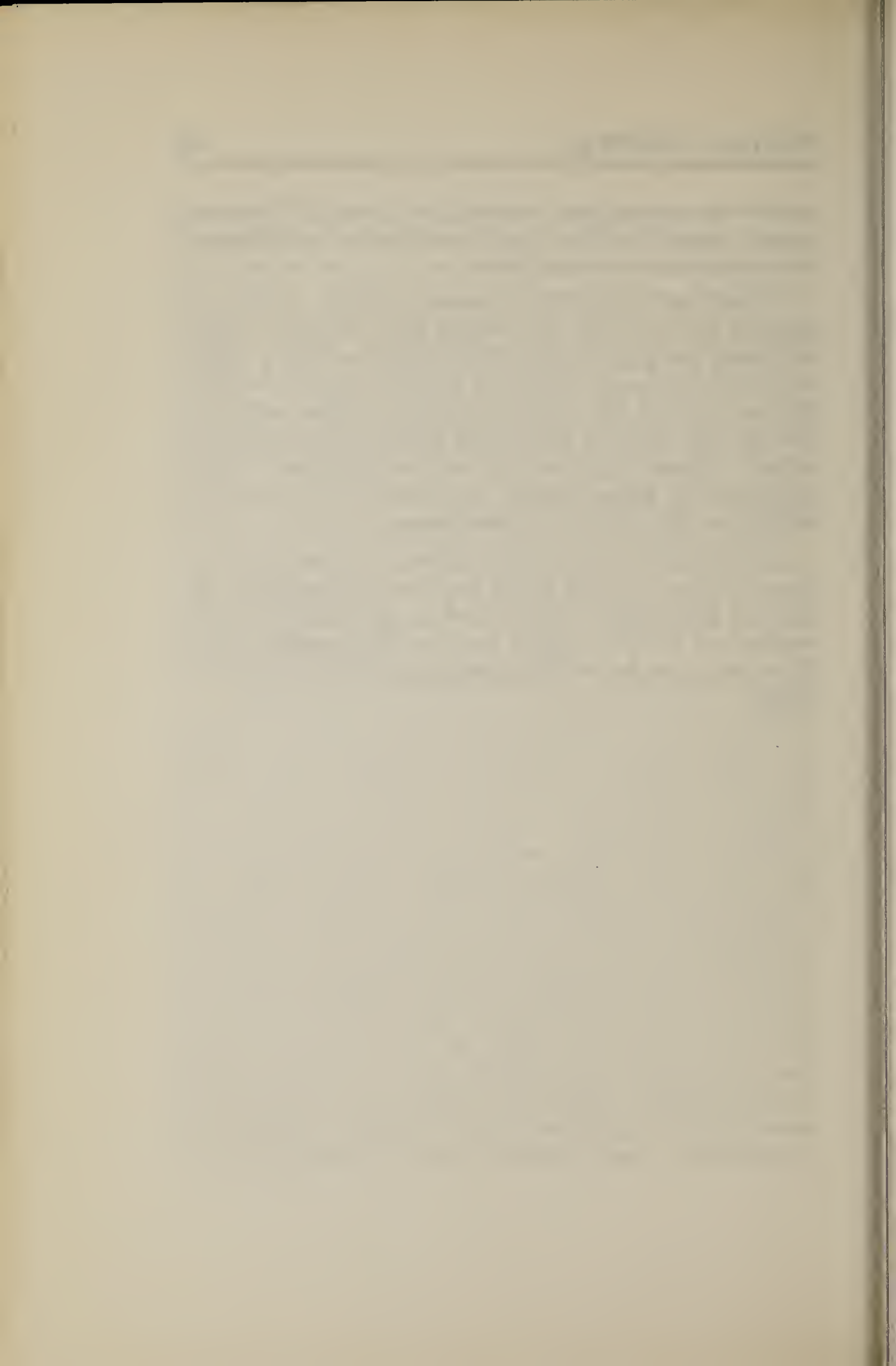
last one old woman said that she could prevent him from accomplishing his purpose if they would watch and inform her when he began his work. The people were skeptical, but she insisted. They kept a sharp watch across the Sound. At last, one night when the sun had sunk from sight in the western waters, Moshup approached the shore and began tossing stones into the water. Faster and faster the stones fell, some of them of enormous size. The people of Cuttyhunk looked on in consternation as the bridge grew before their eyes. Suddenly, they remembered the old woman and rushed to tell her the news. She smiled and bade them return to their homes. Then taking a bright light she passed it in front of her cock's eyes causing him to awake and, thinking morning had come, he crowed lustily. Moshup, according to his agreement, was compelled to stop work and the bridge was never finished. But many a good ship has met her fate on the stones of Devil's Bridge.

Moshup was kind-hearted as well as wise and powerful, and all the Indians went to him for advice and aid in their troubles. A long time ago there lived on the Vineyard an Indian maiden who loved the son of a wealthy chief. But alas! having no marriage portion the parents of the young man opposed his union with her. The situation appeared hopeless, and the girl in desperation resolved to consult Moshup. The great man listened attentively to her story and promised to help her. He then collected a large quantity of tobacco, filled his great pipe and smoked thoughtfully. The girl and her friends watched him and were disappointed that nothing happened. When he finished his smoke, he emptied his pipe and the wind carried the ashes far out to sea. Imagine the surprise of the people when they saw the fog lift and disclose to the eastward a lovely green island resting peacefully on the surface of the water. Nantucket, which has often been called the "Devil's Ash Heap," was thus made to bring happiness to a pair of Indian lovers. The marriage

portion was miraculously provided by Moshup. The stern parents relented, and the lovers were married and departed to dwell on their new island home.

After the long and busy summer when the crops were gathered and the leaves had donned their autumnal dresses of crimson and gold, Moshup filled his pipe and had a mighty smoke before composing himself for the long, cold winter. He took his ease and meditated upon his labors well done, and the hazy clouds of balmy odor floated over the hills and valleys. Dreamy peace was felt all over the islands. Thus originated our Indian summer, and even today the haze of those balmy days fills us with deep content.

After the white men came, Moshup felt that his supremacy was over, for they had a God more powerful than he. He bade his subjects good-bye, and at sunset, they saw him standing on the shore gazing out over the boundless ocean. When day came, he had disappeared, and he was never seen again.





Early Settlements.

CHAPTER 8.

Early Settlements

IN Colonial days, Noman's Land offered few inducements to permanent settlers because of its inaccessibility and its lack of a safe harbor. The history of the island is indissolubly linked with that of Martha's Vineyard of which the island has for many years been politically a part, and from Dr. Bank's "History of Martha's Vineyard" much historical data concerning Noman's Land has been obtained.

When Governor Mayhew in 1642 bought Martha's Vineyard from Gorges and Sterling who owned it, Noman's Land was not included by name in the original documents. It does not appear that Governor Mayhew or his family ever assumed jurisdiction over it or disposed of it by sale. After the Duke of York obtained his charter for New York in 1664, he proclaimed his authority over Noman's Land, and on August 3, 1666, he granted it to four men, William Reeves, Tresttram Dodge, John Williams, and William Nightingale, upon condition that they establish a fishing trade and construct a harbor within three years. As rental for the island they were to pay one barrel of codfish every year. These conditions were not fulfilled, and the grant was forfeited. John Williams renewed the grant on June 28, 1670 and again on February 23, 1674. It is not believed that anything was ever done under these patents, and the island remained under the control of the Duke of York for ten years longer.

When, in 1685, Governor Dongan invested Matthew Mayhew with the lordship of Martha's Vineyard, he included Noman's Land by name in the patent, and a few days later Mayhew sold it to Governor Dongan who thus came into possession of the island by purchase. On August 3, 1689, Governor Dongan sold his claim to William Nichols of Islip, Long Island, for a money consideration and a good fat lamb to be paid annually. The island was held by Nichols for twenty-five years probably without occupation.

The first record of Indian ownership was in 1674 when it was vested in Sachem Cascanabin who sold the western half in 1686 to his brother, Tackquabin. The next record was in 1692 when John Phillip Sachem sold the island to Matthew Mayhew as steward for fifty pounds. Mayhew sold his rights to Nichols the next year. Noman's Land was annexed to Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard on October 30, 1714.

On October 17, 1715, William Nichols sold the island to Jacob Norton, then of Newport, Rhode Island, in whose possession and that of his heirs it remained for half a century. In 1742, Norton gave one fourth of the island to his daughter, Abigail, wife of Peter Simons of Newport. Later, in 1772, she sold her share to John Banester, also of Newport. The remainder, after Norton's death in 1743, descended to his sons, Shubael of Bristol, Rhode Island, and Jacob of Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard, and to their heirs. Shubael died in 1737 before his father, and Jacob died in 1750, and the island became the subject of frequent litigations between the various claimants.

The first record of any settlement was in the earlier part of 1700. In 1702, Judge Sewell wrote, "Noman's Land is well-watered and wooded and is inhabited by christianized Indians."

It is probable that Jacob Norton, in 1715, was the first Englishman to live upon the island, and in 1722, his son

Jacob was granted a license as an innholder of Noman's Land. Samuel Norton, who married Jacob's sister Mary, was mentioned in 1740 as a resident of the island, and in 1750 these two families numbered twenty souls. There may have been others living there also, probably engaged in fishing, as at that time the surrounding waters were considered the only place for cod fishing. It is not supposed that the place was valuable from an agricultural standpoint, but in 1745 the given value of the island was ten thousand pounds.

One of the permanent settlers of the early days was Israel Luce. Born in 1723, he moved to the island when a young man and spent the rest of his life there. At the age of fifty-one he married Mary Daggett who was twenty-four years of age at the time. They had five children: Daniel, born in 1776; Deborah, born in 1778; Thomas, born in 1780; Hannah, born in 1782; and Ebenezer, born in 1785. Israel Luce died in 1797 at the age of seventy-four and was buried on the island. His three sons remained there with their families all their lives.

Ebenezer, the youngest son, lived in a house located where the present farmhouse now stands. He had four sons, two of whom, Israel and Charles, were both deaf and dumb. They remained on the island for many years. The other two, Wendell and Leonard, after they had grown to manhood went to live on Martha's Vineyard. Charles married and brought his wife to the island where they lived in a small house which stood on the site that the bungalow now occupies. Israel remained single. He was a most eccentric character, well-known to the fishermen as he tramped over the island with a stick in his hand and a rope around his waist.

There is a tradition on Noman's Land that during the Revolutionary War a British warship came to the island. The troops were landed, and all the cattle of the settlers seized. Heart-broken by the loss of their stock, for they

could not raise crops without their oxen to plow and prepare the ground, the settlers dared not offer any opposition to the superior force of the English. They submitted and acquiesced to the demands of the troops. Finally, one old woman, more courageous than the rest, went to the officer in charge of the raid and begged so pathetically to be allowed to keep her oxen that he relented and gave her permission to retain them.

The century between 1800 and 1900 was the period of greatest prosperity for the little island of Noman's Land. Here was considered the best locality for sheep-raising in the East. The sheep grew to an extremely large size, and the mutton was of superior quality. The wool, too, was of the best grade and always brought the highest prices in the market. It is said that one could always obtain one dollar per pound for Noman's Land wool. The sheep which belonged to the different settlers were allowed to roam the island together, each owner cutting the ears of his sheep in some particular manner as a means of identification. It was judged that the portion of the island which was used for pasture would maintain six hundred and fifty sheep the year round. This was at the rate of one and one-fourth sheep to an acre. The winters then, as now, were so mild that it was not necessary to furnish any shelter or any extra feed for the sheep. They had everything they needed for their maintenance without any labor on the part of the owners.

A shearer came about the twentieth of June. The sheep were rounded up a week previous to his arrival, thoroughly washed, and the lambs carefully marked. An experienced man could shear from twenty-five to thirty sheep in a day. Accurate accounts of the various ownerships of the sheep were kept, and at shearing time the sheep were checked off by some disinterested person before they were given their freedom to wander over the island for another year. Cattle, also, were turned out upon the island, and it was estimated that a



Cast ashore at Noman's Land. A blackfish out of its element.



Present day life on Noman's Land. Feeding a motherless lamb.



cow required as much feed as six sheep, and an ox, the same quantity as eight sheep.

From earliest time, the inhabitants of Noman's Land have engaged in fishing. For many years the codfish caught near the island were considered of superior quality and, the name "Noman's Land Codfish" was a guarantee of its excellence. For half a century following the Civil War, the fishing industry grew to important proportions, and often as many as fifty or sixty boats were engaged. They fished close to the shores of the island. In the spring the codfish season lasted from April first to the last of May, and during this time the weather was usually warm and pleasant, and the fishing good so that the men suffered no hardships while pursuing their daily work. But the fall season which was from October to December fifteenth was not as agreeable. The weather was cold, and it was dangerous to venture far from shore.

The fishermen dressed and salted their fish and spread them on the rocks of Stony Point where they remained for two or three weeks until they were thoroughly cured by the sun. It is said that at times the entire Point was completely covered with drying fish. At first the men received as much as eight dollars for one hundred pounds, or eight cents per pound. Later the price dropped to three and a half to four cents per pound, and the last of the fishermen sometimes sold their catch as low as one half cent per pound.

At no point off the island could a boat ride safely at anchor, and there were times when, for weeks at a stretch, it was impossible to make a landing. The fishermen were obliged to haul their boats ashore each night. Every boat had its own ladder which extended down to low water mark. This was made of two heavy timbers with rounds between, and, to facilitate the passage of the boats, the timbers were greased. Up these ladders the boats were skidded to

safety with the help of a yoke of oxen. It is said that Israel Luce charged only five dollars a season for dragging up the boats with his oxen, and it made no difference how many times during the day the service was performed. This necessitated the construction of a new type of boat which would be seaworthy yet light enough to handle easily.

To meet there requirements, the Noman's Land boats were designed. They were from sixteen to eighteen feet long, built of light oak timbers and cedar planking, copper fastened in most cases. They were sharp at both ends and open both fore and aft with a graceful sheer and rather short run. Four thwarts crossed the hull and were kneed into place. They had fairly deep keels but no center board and two short masts of equal length carrying sprit sails. Although fairly heavy, they could be rowed with comparative ease and were steered by means of a rudder hung on the stern post and equipped with a tiller.

Only the best of material was used in the construction of these boats, and their owners took much pride in them, always making or planning some new improvement to add to their comfort and efficiency.

Many times the fishermen brought their wives and children with them to the island, and they were given verbal rights to erect dwellings upon the northern shore close to the beach. At one time, it is said, forty families resided there. Some of the families remained only during the fishing season while others settled there. A school-master was brought over from the mainland, and the little church was used as a school-house.

In 1860, George Butler came to Noman's Land and built a house and grocery store near the landing. This building is still standing, with its platform extending out toward the water and its living quarters above. He had one daughter and three sons, David, George, and Frank, and the family

remained on the island until 1898 when they moved to the Vineyard. Other residents at this time were John Pease, who lived in a little cottage close to Stony Point, and Charles Cleveland, whose home was near the Butler's Store.

These fishermen were careful, skillful boatmen and, rarely was one of them lost. There were only two fatalities among the fishing fleet; one was Allen Pease who met his death while out fishing, and the other was Captain Franklin Luce whose home was on Martha's Vineyard. His boat was the last of the fleet returning from fishing, and as he was late, he tried to come around the west point close to shore. The breakers caught his boat and capsized it, and he was drowned. The boat came ashore near the point, and the body was found near the landing by Israel Luce. The shock of the discovery seriously affected Luce, and he never fully recovered. The story is told that when his family wished to move away from the island some years later he could not be induced to leave. Finally they had to resort to force, bound him securely, and carried him away.

Noman's Land was also headquarters for pilots who were always on hand to guide the whale ships into a safe harbor. A constant watch was kept from the Lookout for ships that needed the services of a pilot. Allen and John Pease, Hiram Luce, and George Butler were all experienced pilots.

Because of their isolated position and the long, hazardous journey to reach a market, the settlers raised only crops enough for their own use. The soil of Noman's Land is very fertile, some portions of it extraordinarily so. Crops grow rapidly and often reach enormous size. It is often repeated that some land grows more hay than can be cured upon the field. At one time a mill stood not far from the site of the farmhouse, and one of the stones which helped grind the corn and grain can still be seen. The power which turned the

stones was furnished by a wind-mill. Owing to the high winds which sweep over the island most of the time during the cold weather, they must have had ample opportunity to do all the grinding that they desired.

In 1872, Otis A. Sisson of New Bedford came to the island and bought one of the farm buildings which he moved near one of the ponds on the south side. This he remodeled into a clubhouse. Sea bass were plentiful, and the plan was to make a profitable business of catching and marketing the bass besides having the enjoyment of the sport. An ice house was constructed near the pond to furnish ice for the preservation of the fish. Josiah Eaton, a well-known music teacher of New Bedford, was a frequent visitor. Jacob Dodge, a New York theater owner and the manager of Laura Keane, bought an interest in the club. As a business enterprise, however, the project was a failure, for it cost far too much to market the fish, but as a recreation the venture was successful. Plover shooting was unexcelled, for upland plovers were present in large numbers on the island, and fishing for sea bass was a sport worthy of any angler. Finally the club house burned, and the members ceased coming to the island.

Later, Henry B. Davis and his family were residents of the island for many years. The cod-fishing days were over, and the populous community had all departed, leaving behind only the ruins of homes and the memories of the former prosperity of the little island. As the Davis children grew to school age, their father demanded that a school be opened upon the island, but this the authorities refused to do. They offered to board the children at West Tisbury where they could attend school, but Davis would not agree to this proposition, and the matter was taken to the Massachusetts Supreme Court. Davis lost his case. As he had made a comfortable fortune raising sheep and turkeys, he decided to leave the island, and in the fall of 1912, he moved his family to Martha's Vineyard. For the first time in two centuries

the farmhouse was closed and shuttered, and the little island of Noman's Land was left alone.

In the spring of 1913, three employees of a Fairhaven packer came to the island and remained during the codfishing season. Soon afterward, the entire island was sold to Joshua Crane of Boston in whose possession it still remains.

It has been under the care of several managers since it has been privately owned. From the fall of 1925 to the present, Ralph W. Wood has taken efficient charge of the island.

Although separated by only a narrow belt of water from busy New England yet we are as isolated and alone as Robinson Crusoe was upon his little island, and the wild beauty of this lonely isle is well-calculated to stir the imagination and cause us to picture it as the seat of mystery and romance.



CHAPTER 9.

Shipwrecks

THE shores of Noman's Land have, during all the years, been a veritable graveyard for many unfortunate vessels which have met their fate upon the rocks that lie close by. Even today, parts of their skeletons can be seen at low tide almost completely buried beneath the sand and stones. There are many stories of ships that have been wrecked on the island, but the veracity of all these tales cannot be determined.

The first wreck of which we have any record occurred during the Revolution when an English man-of-war struck the rocks on East Point and was lost. Many of her crew were supposed to have been drowned, and a quantity of gold specie in canvas bags went to the bottom. Years later, a fisherman on his way out to sea sailed close to shore and saw in the clear water two bags of specie incrustated with moss and barnacles. Cupidity got the better of him, and he said nothing to his companions and left no mark at the place. Many, many times afterward he tried to locate the spot, but his attempts were in vain. He never saw the bags again.

In 1813, a Portuguese ship, The Amazon, carrying eight guns, was wrecked on the shores of the island. The ship

was thirty days out of Lisbon and bound for Boston with a load of salt. Both the vessel and cargo were a total loss. The captain Francisco Antonio, and his crew were rescued in a tub to which a line was made fast, and they were towed safely to shore. The second mate, carrying the ships papers and letters, was the last man to leave the doomed vessel. During the trip ashore the treacherous waves upset the tub, and the mate with all the important records was swept overboard.

About ninety years ago, a vessel loaded with shingles met her fate off the island, and the shingles were scattered in all directions. Many of them were found hundreds of miles away, and even today, some of them are still to be seen on the roofs at Martha's Vineyard. Around fifty-five years ago a schooner laden with cotton went ashore on the island.

Then, there is the tragic tale of the vessel which tried to fetch by the West Point at daylight with a northwest gale howling through her rigging and was driven upon the rocks. The island inhabitants gathered upon the shore, but the turbulent waters which foamed between them and the helpless crew showed them the hopelessness of any attempt at rescue. One man ran out on the flying jibboom and hailed the people on shore, asking if it were possible for him to swim ashore. Reluctantly they answered that it was not. He ran back to the deck and an arm was seen to reach up from the cabin and pull him down below. The mountainous waves broke the boat into pieces, and the next day five bodies were washed upon the beach near the scene of the tragedy.

A brand new brig with a load of lumber bound for Providence attempted to pass around Noman's Land, came too close to shore and struck East Point. The vessel was a total loss, but the crew reached shore safely.

An Italian bark, bound from a South American port to Rio-de-Janeiro, ran into a storm which so badly battered

her that she was abandoned. After drifting aimlessly about for many months, this derelict finally struck the south shore of Noman's Land and at last found a resting place after her long journey northward.

Again, after a ship laden with lumber had fallen prey to the breakers and broken to pieces upon the rocks, the islanders were able to walk half way around the island without stepping off the massive yellow-pine timbers which were strewn along the shore. The heavy stuff was dragged over the bluff and across the island to the landing place with oxen, rafted out to a schooner and shipped away again. Henry B. Davis built his large barn with the lumber which was left. Numerous coasters laden with coal have been wrecked upon Noman's Land and their cargoes scattered along the beach. Many of the fishermen obtained their yearly supply of coal from among the rocks on the shore.

The men of the island were always ready to aid the unfortunate mariners, and, although helpless in the face of a furious ocean, they had many thrilling experiences. It was during the wreck of a schooner on the south shore that Wendell Luce proved himself a hero. The sailors had lashed spars together and thrown them overboard to carry a line to the shore, but each time the tide had carried it by the point, far beyond the reach of the eager watchers on the shore. Finally, Wendell Luce waded far out into the breakers trying to carry a line to the fast-weakening ship. The sea beat him back and after repeated efforts he was forced to abandon the attempt. The sea pounded the ship upon the huge boulders, the mast went overboard, and the anxious watchers were forced to see the men swept over the side to their deaths, powerless to save them.

The public was deeply stirred by this disaster and demanded that some action be taken to insure safety to the unfortunate sailors whose vessels were wrecked on the rocks

which surround Noman's Land. This impelled the United States government to place a large galvanized life boat on the island. No shelter was furnished for the life boat, however, and it was not long before, left to the mercy of the elements, the cork belts crumbled away, and the boat itself became a rusted ruin without ever having been launched.

About 1910, the bark, *Lakeside*, was wrecked on Noman's Land. She was a well-made vessel, beautifully furnished and owned by a Scotch woman who often went with her as she cruised up and down the coast engaged in her regular business of carrying freight. At the time of the disaster, she had a cargo of salt from Turk's Island. The revenue cutter, *Acushnet*, rushed to her rescue and succeeded in saving all the crew. The *Acushnet* made several attempts to pull the bark off the rocks on which she was impaled, but without success. She was firmly grounded on their jagged surface and was pounded to pieces by the turbulent waves. The fragments were scattered in all directions and the sailors were unable to save any of the cargo.

The next wreck of which we have any record was the *Inca* which met her fate in 1914 or 1915. Built about 1890 as a gentleman's steam yacht, she was about eighty feet in length and very staunchly and carefully constructed. Only the best of materials were used. Her rails were made of teakwood which is able to withstand the elements for many years. Yellow locust was used for her bit and in other parts of her hull where a hard, long-lived material would improve the finished product. To this day, after lying on the beach for more than a dozen years, the forepart of the vessel still shows plainly the superior workmanship and the fine lumber of which she was made. During the Spanish American War in 1898, she was taken over by the United States Government and fitted out as a Naval Dispatch boat, stationed at Cuba. When the war was over, she was used as a Naval Reserve ship with her station at Fall River.

After serving for nearly a score of years as a government boat she was finally sold to a Gloucester fisherman, and at the time of the wreck she was engaged in mackerel fishing a few miles south of Noman's Land. She had carried her catch to market and was returning to her station with the fishing fleet when a heavy fog settled over the ocean, cutting off the view. The crew in laying their course did not take into consideration the strong currents which sweep around the island, and she struck the rocks at the west end. The men reached shore safely, but the boat was smashed in two by the heavy seas. She had a keel made of lead, twenty tons being used in its construction. The great weight of this keel tore it from the hull, and it sank near where the vessel struck the rocks. Here it still rests, for it is much too heavy to recover by ordinary means. The hull was cast up on the beach at the West Point where the forward part of the ship still remains. She had the original Scotch boilers that were placed there at the time of her construction, and sometimes, when the tide is very low, they can still be seen almost entirely buried in the sand. All the furnishings of any value were salvaged, and many of the fishermen obtained numerous articles from the wreckage.

The wrecking of the *Flit*, a steam yacht about one hundred feet long, on the shore at Noman's Land in 1923, was one of the strangest incidents that ever took place on the island. She was owned by a New York company, but little was known about her business, and it was rumored that she was used as a supply, or mother ship, for several small boats engaged in rum running. It was her duty to sail out about forty or fifty miles and meet a vessel from some foreign port loaded with the contraband. Then, on her return, she was met within a few miles of Noman's Land by several small boats to which the load was transferred.

One night something unusual occurred, and to this day the truth of what actually happened has never been learned.

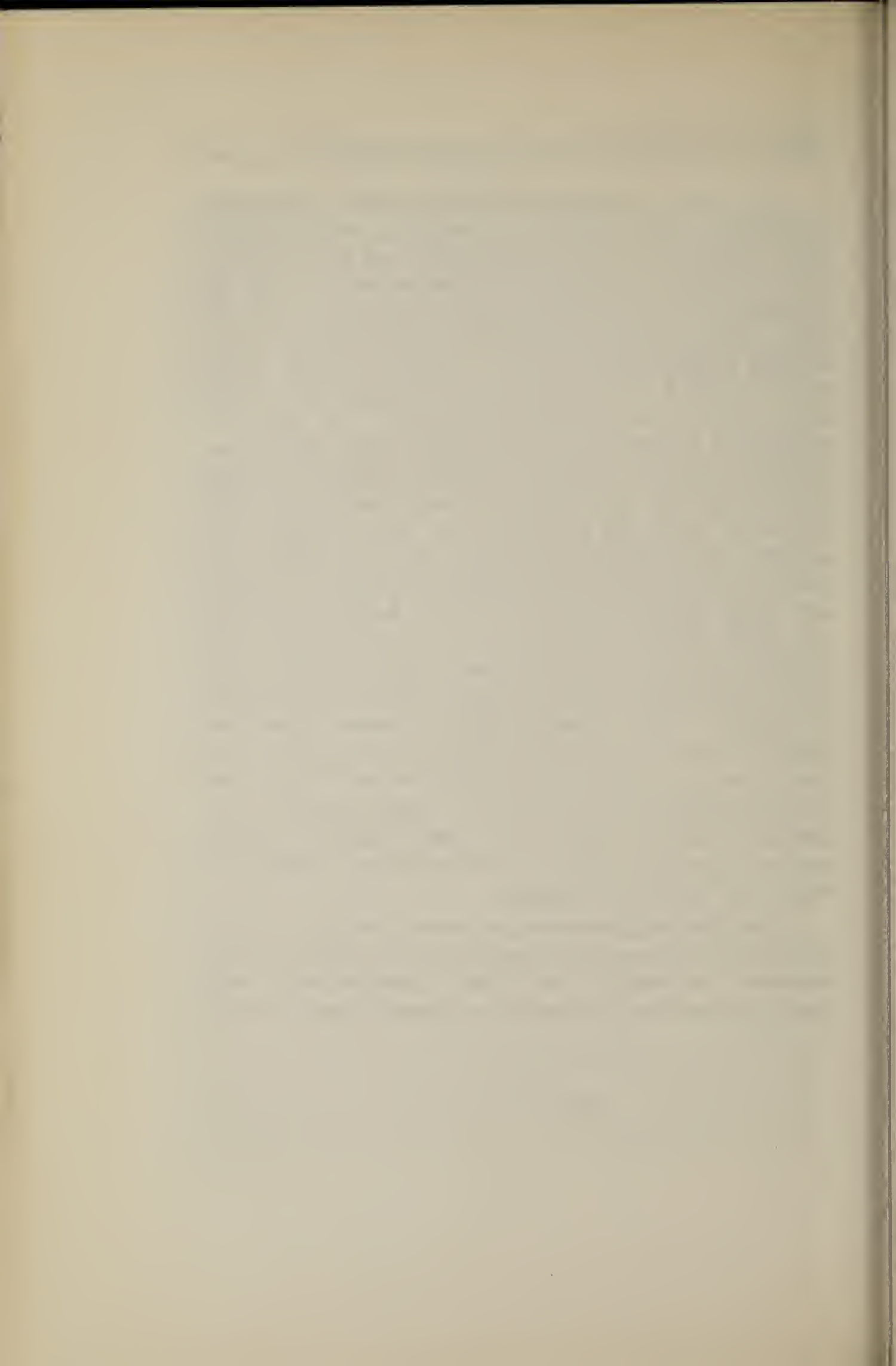
Only the results are known. The Flit encountered the steamer John Dwight somewhere in Vineyard Sound. It will never be known which was the aggressor and which was the hijacker, but a terrible battle was fought on the steamer, and every man belonging to the crew was killed. One man tried to escape in a small yawl but was killed before he made his getaway. The boat with its murdered occupant drifted ashore near Menemsha and was found by one of the fishermen.

The scene which took place in the darkness of that night must have been like a return of the long ago when pirates roamed the seven seas. In imagination we can picture the pursuit, the two vessels brought side by side, and the bloody combat which took place upon the deck of the John Dwight. The fierce old pirates were no more blood-thirsty or cruel than were the men who murdered the crew of the modern steamer. After the men were all killed, the sea valves of the steamer were opened, and she filled and sank to the bottom of the Sound. The Flit was run over to Noman's Land, driven up onto the beach and abandoned. Her crew escaped in a small boat which had followed her over. It is not known whether any of them were killed or injured.

No one ever returned to claim any of the furnishings or machinery aboard the Flit, and it is said that the manager who had charge of the island at that time made several thousand dollars from the wreckage. The yacht was well furnished, and most of the woodwork of the cabins was mahogany. Federal officers sent divers down to examine the steamer and attempted to trace the crew of the Flit, but nothing could ever be learned concerning them. Several bodies of the murdered men drifted ashore, but none were identified. It may have been simply a strange coincidence that has connected these two ill-fated vessels together. At any rate, it will undoubtedly remain one of the unexplained mysteries of the sea.

Just before Christmas in 1926, the Allaha was wrecked at Noman's Land. She was a speed boat, about fifty feet long, equipped with two Liberty motors and two propellers. She could run at a speed of forty miles an hour and was supposed to have been engaged in rum running. Some distance south of Noman's Land the weather changed, and a howling northwest gale set in. The men, putting on all speed, steered for the island, but the buffeting of the wind and waves was too much for the Allaha. She labored so hard in the terrific seas that her seams began to open, and the water poured in. Then, to make the condition of affairs more serious, the boat settled so low, owing to the large amount of water that had poured in, that the captain was able to steer her only by running first one of his engines and then the other. The situation appeared hopeless, for the boat was filling rapidly, and indeed it would have been, had not the captain been a man of great courage and skill. The hatches were put on over the engine room, and all the cracks were battened down so that the water could not enter and stop the engines. The engineer, obliged to remain below, was sealed in, and as the sea slowly seeped through he stood knee-deep in water. They made for the basin at Noman's Land but were unable to steer accurately. They missed the opening and crashed into the rocks and spiles which are all that remain of the pier. The men reached shore in safety and were cared for at the farmhouse.

The Allaha came ashore just east of the pier, and with the help of the men at the island, the owners salvaged all the machinery and fittings of any value. Soon the wreck broke into pieces, and the fragments were scattered along the shore.





CHAPTER 10.

Tales of the Sea

NOMAN'S LAND has always been an island of mystery and romance, for it has been practically unknown, and people always use imagination concerning something of which they have no knowledge. There are numerous tales and traditions relating to the island which have been handed down through the ages. Undoubtedly, they were originally founded upon facts, but successive recitals have enlarged them to such an extent that they would scarcely be recognized by their progenitors. We cannot vouch for the authenticity of these tales, but this is the way they were told to us by former residents of Noman's Land.

There are numberless tales of the time, many years ago, when pirates roamed the seas, and this lonely little island was the scene of their bold adventures. The story goes that the pirates boarded unarmed merchantmen taking from them all their gold and valuables. Many of the robbers had their headquarters near Newport, Rhode Island, but finding it

not safe to return with their loot, the pirates stopped at Noman's Land to dispose of the treasure. After carefully burying the plunder, they continued fearlessly to their destination, to all outward appearances innocent merchantmen returning from a voyage.

More than one hundred years ago, a former resident of the island knew an old man who, when he realized that his days on earth were numbered, told the friends gathered at his bedside, that he had no money with which to repay their kindness, but that he would furnish them a map which would give the exact locality upon Noman's Land where a vast treasure was buried. He told them that one night many years before, he had landed upon the island with a few chosen companions and buried a large brass or copper chest filled with gold doubloons. This was hidden near the seashore, and a map was carefully drawn of the exact locality. Years passed, misfortune visited the crew, and the surviving members dared not visit the place where the treasure lay for fear that they might be brought under suspicion. So, no one ever returned to claim the gold. With the aid of the map, the men at the island spent many days digging where they thought the treasure was buried, but to no avail. Natural landmarks change with time, and very likely they did not find the exact spot marked upon the chart. The chest of gold still remains hidden in the sands of Noman's Land waiting for some fortunate discoverer to unearth it.

Another tale of long ago tells of a pirate ship wrecked on the rocks of Noman's Land while returning from a successful voyage. The men were in a merry mood, well satisfied with the amount of loot of which each would receive his rightful share. However, they failed to keep a sharp lookout, and their vessel struck the rocks at East Point. Knowing their ship was doomed they cast about in their minds for some way to save the gold. Finally they hit upon a plan, that of collecting all the money and jewels and placing them

in the large cannon. This they did, and sealing it securely, they sank the cannon into the sea, planning to return at some later date and recover their wealth. But, sad to relate, they did not take into consideration the fury of the elements. They, themselves, were swept to their deaths in the raging sea. all except one poor sailor who reached shore in a sadly battered condition with scarcely strength enough left to tell the tale, or give the approximate position of the treasure. Many fruitless attempts were made to recover the cannon, but it still rests on the ocean's floor with its fortune sealed within its barrel.

There is also the tale of the English brig which was wrecked on the southeast shore of the island. This ship carried a fortune in gold, eight hundred pieces of eight and forty thousand Johannes, destined for the new world. The gold was an indemnity to partially repay the colonists for damages inflicted upon the unarmed merchant fleet of the infant nation during the war that had been fought recently. But this vast wealth never reached its destination. It was swallowed up by the ravenous ocean and was never seen again by mortal eyes. The sea holds untold riches in its grasp, but it guards them so closely and jealously that man is powerless to wrest them away, for he knows full well the mighty strength with which he would have to contend.

Then, there is also the story of more recent date when the fishermen crowded the shores of Noman's Land, and primitive passions held sway. One of the fishermen had fallen in love with the daughter of one of his companions, and when the warm days of April brought the codfish close in shore, the fleet made ready to take up their headquarters at the island in order to be near the scene of their labors. The lover prevailed upon the father to move his entire family there, and they took up their abode in an old house not far from the shore at East Bend. The foundation of the dwelling can still be seen on a small elevation from which there

is an extensive view of the ocean, with Martha's Vineyard lying in the distance enshrouded in a purple haze. The season was favorable, and peace and harmony prevailed upon the little island.

The lover was very happy as day by day he saw the fruits of his labors accumulate, and he planned in his own mind the fine things that he would purchase for his beloved. He did not understand the girl's capricious nature, however, for while he worked early and late to accumulate sufficient property to establish a home of their own, the girl was left to amuse herself as best she could. The island furnished little entertainment for her. Not a single one of her young friends were there to keep her company, and the long weary days dragged by with nothing to break the monotony. One of the fishermen, a young good-looking fellow, attracted her attention, but, fearing her lover's fierce temper, she dared not speak to him when her lover was present.

As time went on the young people became acquainted and met secretly, spending much time in each other's company. The first lover was forgotten, and the girl had at last learned the true meaning of love. Her old suitor suspected nothing, for he trusted her completely and was sure of her loyalty. If at times he thought her distant and cool, he soon forgot about it, for his mind was preoccupied with his plans for future happiness.

It was not long, however, before meddling neighbors began to talk, and the lover learned of the stealthy meetings of the young couple. His jealous rage was aroused, and he determined to investigate the story. He bided his time watching every move made by either of them. Even though aware of his jealousy they continued to meet secretly, and one night he followed them and found them together. His passions broke all bounds, and when his sanity returned, he found both young people lying dead at his feet. The girl had

tried in vain to protect her young lover, but lust for the blood of his rival had so enraged the man that he was not responsible for his actions.

After this deed of violence, there was no peace for the rejected suitor. He had nothing to live for now that the girl was gone, and the future stretched before him, a dreary, barren waste. At last he could stand it no longer, his nerve broke, and he killed himself. The victims of the tragedy were buried near an old well southeast of the house in which the girl had lived. The house was abandoned. No one else could ever be persuaded to live there, for the spirits of the victims of this dreadful event were believed to hover over the place. This part of the island was never again used as a locality for habitation.

From earliest time it was believed the island was visited by spirits of the departed. The loneliness of its position and the terrible monotony of the howling winds during the cold weather no doubt affected the nerves of the residents, and they allowed their imaginations full sway. They credited to the supernatural everything that happened which seemed to them at all out of the ordinary.

In one of the houses near the beach stealthy footsteps were heard one night slowly climbing the stairs, and the door of the chamber opened softly while the occupant lay with bated breath and hair slowly rising with fear. Several times the sound returned, and each time the man bounded from his bed, lit a candle and carefully searched the premises. He could find nothing and returned to his blankets, but he had scarcely become comfortably settled when again he heard the cautious footsteps approaching. Sleep was out of the question, for his nerves were thoroughly unstrung by these supernatural visitations. He lay in strained silence awaiting the arrival of his companion who occupied a cot in the same room.

When the companion arrived he calmly made ready for bed, and quiet descended upon the household. Soon the stealthy footsteps were heard again, ascending the stairs and entering the room. The new arrival was much startled and wanted to know what it was all about, but the apparition had no answer to make. Although both young men tried to find out what caused this visitation, they were never able to discover the slightest hint of anything that could have made it.

Many times peculiar noises were heard, and doors which were carefully latched swung quietly open. The story has been told that one woman was so positive that spirits dwelt within the walls of her house, that she procured a hatchet and began tearing away the plaster and lathes to liberate the imprisoned ghost. It is not recorded whether she succeeded in the attempt or not, or whether she was able to recognize the spirit when she found it, but at least she succeeded in wrecking her home. Her family in an endeavor to save her sanity moved from the island to a more populous community.

There are numerous stories of supernatural happenings told by the fishermen, and there is an old saying handed down from former inhabitants that anyone who comes to the island to live will either die or go crazy. In recent years, however, the only spirits which are thought to visit the island are the kind that come in bottles and that retail for five dollars a quart.



One of the birds of
prey found on Nomans.

CHAPTER 11.

Birds of the Island

THE island of Noman's Land has all the requisites of a bird paradise except that it has no large trees which are essential for certain varieties of birds when they are ready to make their nests and raise their young. There are, however, some birds that do not need this shelter, and for them the island affords a perfect home.

This is true of the Canadian wild geese, and a large flock, about one hundred in number, make their home upon the island. They can be seen at any time quietly feeding on the fields and meadows, or floating majestically upon the surface of the lakes, or on the ocean close to shore. They measure three feet or more in length and are the largest and noblest of the birds which are hunted for food or for sport.

Of a dark gray or brownish color with a breast of light gray, they have a black head and neck with white cheeks and a distinctive white throat. The geese retain the same mate from year to year, and it is a common belief among the sportsmen that if the mate is killed the bereaved partner remains in single blessedness the rest of his life.

When the warm days of spring bring the tender shoots of green grass up through the barren earth, the geese begin their annual search for suitable places to build their nests. Each pair investigates numerous spots with much honking and noise. It would seem as if each one were determined to present to the other all the faults and merits of every locality. At last they decide upon a place near the water, partially screened from view by tangled grass and bushes. This apparently meets the approval of both, and a cosy home is constructed, warmly lined with soft down from the maternal breast. When the nest is completed, the mother lays her eggs which are from eight to twelve in number, and then proceeds to settle herself for the long incubating period.

During this trying time, her mate is never far from her side. He posts himself upon a small elevation near their home and watches for any approaching danger which he instantly reports to the brooding mother by loud cries. As the peril draws near he at once places himself on the defensive, unless he recognizes the uselessness of any such effort. If so, he immediately communicates his decision to his mate by giving a sharp call, at the sound of which she hurriedly leaves the nest, and the two sail away together to a nearby hill, all the while uttering protesting cries at the intruder.

When the little goslings are hatched, they are cunning little fellows like animated balls of yellow down. Their parents are excessively proud of them. They conduct them carefully over the island, the mother leading the little procession and the father watchfully following, ever ready to fight

in defense of his family. If they deem it advisable to enter the water, their offspring are kept together in close formation between their two protectors. As the goslings increase in size and are able to look out for themselves, they are allowed more freedom, but the flock usually remains together until fall.

As the migrating season approaches, these geese become wild and restless. Their brethren from the far north halt for a few days upon the island, and they undoubtedly have thrilling tales of adventure to tell concerning their travels. The younger generation who have never left their island home are deeply stirred, and when the visitors depart, some of them cannot resist the call of their heritage and accompany the flying squadron, while the others remain contentedly in their restricted domain where they are sure of peace and plenty.

Other interesting dwellers on the island are the mallard ducks. The female has an inconspicuous plumage of speckled brown and buff, probably so that she cannot be easily discovered as she broods her future family in the bushes near a pond. The male has gorgeous plumage. His head and most of his neck are iridescent green, and his body is dark brown above and gray underneath with patches of Violet and clear cut bars of black and white upon the wings.

The little ducklings, which usually number a dozen or more in their wild state, have many enemies, the principal one being the snapping turtles which abound in the ponds. Therefore, many of the little fellows are liable to meet their deaths unless they are given some protection until they are old enough to look out for themselves. If captured when small, they become as tame as any domesticated ducks.

Black ducks have also chosen Noman's Land for a home, sometimes remaining only for a season, at other times selecting their life partners from among the mallards and remain-

ing permanently upon the island. In the fall vast flocks of ducks of many different varieties settle upon the lakes and ponds for a brief rest before they start on their long journey southward. When startled, they take to flight and appear like a huge cloud moving rapidly across the sky. A few seem so well satisfied with the place that they show no inclination to search any further for a winter home and remain around the island during the cold winter.

Sea fowl of various kinds spend their winter in the ocean around the little island, and it is noticeable that the variety which is most common varies each year.

During the winter of 1927-28 the eider ducks were present in large flocks. The female eider has an inconspicuous plumage of buff and brown, but the male is clothed in a showy costume of white and black which is easily recognized wherever it is seen. Gosnold mentions the eider ducks that were breeding upon the island in large numbers at the time of his visit. They are very tame and stay close to the shore.

Often when the ducks are feeding a flock of gulls hover over them watching with their sharp eyes to take the food away. When a duck dives beneath the surface, and the gulls see that the diver has obtained a small fish, they swoop down swiftly as soon as his head appears above the water and make a quick grab for the desired morsel. Sometimes they succeed in their attempt and quickly swallow the fish, while at other times the duck is able to retain it for himself.

During the early spring large flocks of migrating sea fowl settle themselves upon the surface of the bays and ocean near the land. There is one sad result of this annual visit, and that is that many of the birds become smeared with crude oil from the steamers and are unable to fly. They drift helplessly about, constantly trying to remove the clinging substance from their breasts until, at last, their strength

exhausted, they drag themselves up onto the beach where they close their eyes upon the world.

There is little of interest to tell about the gulls. They are rightfully called the scavengers of the sea, for they are forever on watch for something to devour. Their eyesight is extraordinarily keen, and if anything is thrown overboard from a boat two miles away, the gulls can be seen gathering from all directions to obtain their share of the feast.

The piping plover and the spotted sandpipers which make their homes on the beach are interesting little birds. They make their nests in the dry sand, well above the reach of the waves. When anyone approaches the nest, they run frantically about in a pretended crippled condition, all the time uttering shrill cries and leading the interloper farther away from the precious home. The little fellows when first hatched are not over an inch long and match the sand in their coloring. The little birds do not attempt to escape by flight but crouch motionless upon the beach when any one draws near them, and it takes extremely sharp eyes to be able to distinguish them from the sand. If one works quietly, they can be gently stroked or even taken into the hand where they will lie as still as if they were dead, except for their palpitating hearts which shake their tiny bodies. When set down upon the beach, they again settle themselves motionless in the sand.

Other inhabitants of Noman's Land worthy of attention are the Arctic Owls, captured sometime ago and confined in a large covered yard made of heavy netting. They eat any kind of meat that they can get, but they prefer birds, and rats are especially appreciated. Woe to any rodent that attempts to enter their pen, for they quickly pounce upon him, and their sharp talons pierce his vitals. If they are very hungry, they immediately tear their food in pieces with beak and claws and swallow it in huge chunks. When they feel no

desire for food, they keep their kill in their claws and, if possible, conceal it beneath their feathers. They gaze solemnly around while the less fortunate companions try in vain to reach under them and abstract the desired morsel. At last, when unable to bear the annoyance any longer, they snap their bills in rage and, uttering a sharp whistle, fly to another part of the pen. Except for this occasional whistle at the approach of danger, the owls make no sound at all. They fly around so quietly that they appear like shadows passing in the dusk of the coming night.

The large gannets are other visitors which are conspicuous because of their large size and their coloring. They are white with black tips to their wings and are very noticeable. They live principally upon fish, and the manner in which they obtain their food is worthy of observation. They fly slowly about at a considerable height over the ocean. When they see a herring or other small fish far beneath the surface, they dive from the air with the speed of an arrow and disappear into the water. They remain beneath the surface for some time and must go to great depths, for when they reappear, they shoot up clear of the water with the fish in their bills. Then they float quietly while they devour their find. And when it is disposed of, they again mount to their position of observation high in the air and wait for another favorable opportunity.

It would appear that all the birds which feed upon the inhabitants of the sea employ different methods of catching their food with the result that they obtain the distinct variety for which they seem to show a preference. Thus they do not materially decrease any particular kind.



CHAPTER 12.

The Seals

THE seals which visit the little island of Noman's Land are some of the most interesting winter visitors which arrive. These are not the same variety as the well-known fur seals of the Pacific coast whose fine, soft coats furnish the beautiful expensive furs that have been so highly prized for generations. The species found in this locality are the hair seals whose fur is coarser, somewhat resembling pony skin. They are never seen in this locality during the summer, and when the first warm days of early spring bring us the realization that winter is slipping rapidly away, the seals know that it is time for them to start on their journey northward where they will find the water and air sufficiently cool to insure a comfortable dwelling place throughout the hot weather.

The seals are carnivorous mammals that live in the ocean. They feed upon fish, and any variety which they are able to catch is acceptable to them. They consume a vast quantity of marketable fish, and therefore a bounty of three dollars has been placed upon their heads. They are extremely shy and easily frightened, and only a few of them are killed, for they spend much of their time in deep water.

Their young are born far to the northward. At first the little fellows are cream white in color, and for this reason they are called "white coats". When young, their fur is soft and fine, but as they grow older the color darkens, and their coats become coarser and take on more the nature of hair. Adult seals are of various shades of gray often with spots of white. Some of them appear to be nearly black when seen at a distance. The skins of the adult seals are of little value as a fur, but the "white coats" have a fine skin. A mature seal often attains the weight of three hundred pounds. When captured very young, they can be easily tamed and make bright, affectionate pets. They will follow their protector wherever he goes, even though their flippers were not made for speed on dry land.

During the calm bright days of winter, the seals climb upon the rocks near the shore and stretch out in comfort to enjoy a nap in the sun. At this time they can be shot by a good marksman, but unless his aim is true and a vital spot is reached, they will slide off into the water and disappear. Their bodies sink when they are dead, and it is almost impossible to find them when they succeed in reaching their native elements. When a large number of seals are together, and one is killed, the others follow the trail of blood through the water growling and gnashing their teeth around the boat and show every sign of anger and ferocity that an ugly dog will display when thoroughly aroused.

One day in winter the "Sailor Boy" was walking around the island when at the south side he stepped to the edge of

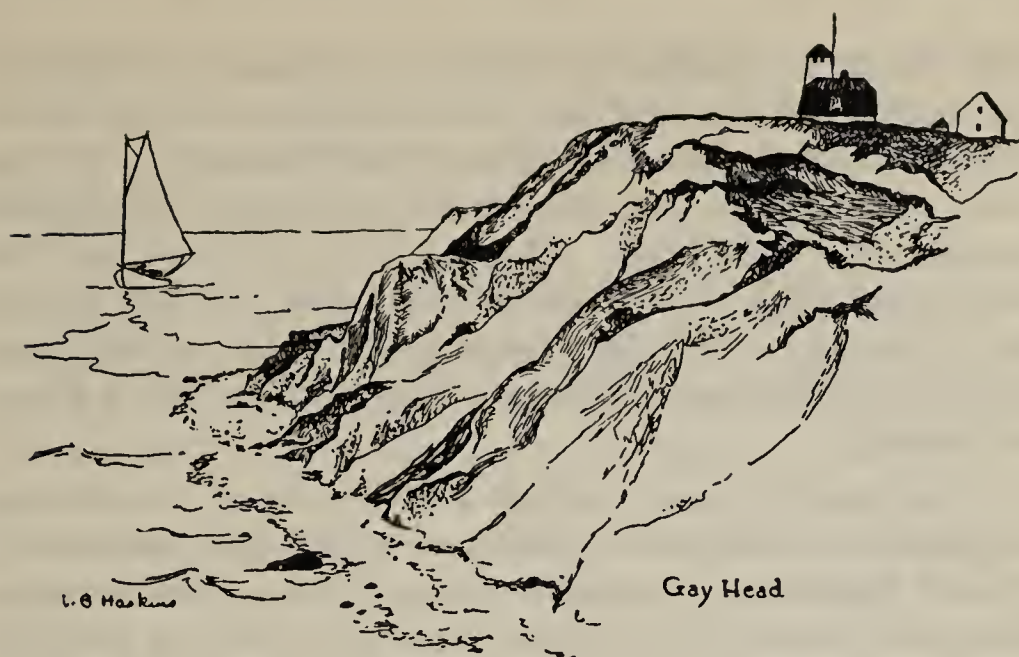
the high cliff to survey the beach far below. His eyes immediately focused upon a little white animal lying near the shore. At first he thought it was dead, but finally he saw a slight movement of one of the flippers. He retraced his steps until he was hidden by a curve in the bank then rapidly made his way below and cautiously advanced to the waters' edge. Although he carried a gun, he picked up a small club of hard wood, for he did not want to riddle the skin with shot except as a last resort. His noiseless approach was not heard until he was between the little seal and the water.

When awakened, the little fellow began to growl fiercely and came directly for the "Sailor Boy" who had the feeling that he was indeed "between the Devil and the deep sea". His hair rose until his scalp tingled, but retreat was impossible. He brought his bludgeon down upon the tender nose of the ferocious little animal. The seal fell limply upon the stones, and a few more well-directed blows killed him. He weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds. The skin was sent away to be tanned and was extremely handsome when finished, shading from a light cream color to a deep amber. It made the trimming for a coat for the artist which was both unusual and beautiful.

There is a thick layer of fat just beneath the skin on the seals, and when this is carefully removed and tried out, it makes a clear, amber-colored oil which is very penetrating. This oil is useful for many purposes although it does not have a high commercial value.

While standing near the beach one day, we noticed an unusual disturbance in the water near shore and at last saw that it was caused by a large seal. He had just caught a big codfish which he was holding crosswise in his mouth and which appeared too big for him to devour easily. He seemed unable to handle it, and his head came into view repeatedly high above the water with the fish in his jaws. Then he re-

linquished his hold but before it sank too far he again made a rush and grabbed it. He was so deeply engrossed in disposing of his food that he gave no thought to the observers on shore, and for half an hour we were given an excellent opportunity to watch this little drama of the sea.



CHAPTER 13.

A Trip to the Vineyard

A TRIP to Martha's Vineyard is a delightful experience. We have learned from history that Noman's Land has belonged to the Vineyard for more than two centuries, and the little island has always regarded its important neighbor as a tried and trusted friend. If anyone wishes to fully understand a locality, he must become thoroughly acquainted with its surroundings and try to find out the important influences which have had their effect on the growth and manners of the place, and it is especially desirable to know the district which for many years has occupied the position of parent or guardian.

As we sailed around the bluffs at Gay Head, we examined with interest the houses and little church which stand out in bold relief against the sky. From earliest time this rugged promontory has been the sole property of the Indians, and here the remnants of the once powerful race which populated the entire Vineyard are gathered. There are few of the Indians at the present time who are of pure descent, for

their blood is mingled with that of various nationalities. But there are a few who can boast that they are the direct descendants of the great and good chief, Massasoit. It is a fitting place for the last members of the mighty Algonquin race to make their home. The sea is slowly devouring the beaches and cliffs of this bold headland, and it is only a matter of time before both the land and its inhabitants will have passed into oblivion, and their existence will be only a pleasant memory.

The nearest spot at which a safe landing can be accomplished is Menemsha. This is a tiny fishing community situated beside the winding stream of water that connects Menemsha Pond with the ocean. It requires skill to navigate this swift and narrow stream, for its treacherous course is all sharp angles and curves. During the summer this place is a haven of safety for all fishermen within many miles, for when they have once passed the sentinel lights that guard the entrance, even the severest gale has no power to harm them.

Often during a protracted spell of bad weather, the boats of the fishing fleet are crowded around the little wharf. The crews mingle, exchanging experiences and stories of the sea. Thus they keep in touch with all the affairs that pertain to their calling. They know just the locality where certain varieties of fish are to be found and the best methods to employ in catching them.

A common characteristic of the men who make their living on the water is their keen observation of everything. They can identify any boat that they have ever seen before as soon as it comes into sight. To inexperienced eyes, they all appear the same at a distance. But to eyes that are trained, there is always some slight point in the construction which is not exactly the same. Boats have many characteristics of the human race: Some are beautiful, but of little prac-

tical value; others are good and dependable but not so pleasing to the eye. And so it goes. Most of the epithets that can be applied to people are equally appropriate when mentioning different types of boats.

The view from the elevation overlooking the harbor at Menemsha is one of the finest to be seen anywhere, for it includes an extensive outlook of fields and forests as well as the ever-fascinating ocean. Martha's Vineyard is the most favored spot that it has been our pleasure to observe. It has wonderful forests of huge trees, lovely flowers grow in abundance everywhere, sparkling lakes and streams nestle in the hollows and the grand old ocean surrounds it all. In addition to all these natural advantages it has the numerous benefits obtained from civilization. There are the fine roads which are found all over the island, the lovely homes that have been built in many localities, and the thriving towns and cities which lie close to excellent harbors.

Visiting Vineyard Haven, we can not help recalling that it was at this spot that the British landed during the Revolutionary War. History tells us that the British fleet under the command of Charles Grey, father of the famous statesman of England, Sir Charles Grey, came to anchor at Clarks Cove, New Bedford, on September 5, 1778. The fleet was made up of twenty transports carrying four thousand, three hundred and thirty-three men convoyed by eleven warships and several other craft.

They immediately entered upon a course of destruction. All the vessels were burned in the harbors, troops were landed, and buildings and property destroyed. The inhabitants fled into the interior, and many amusing incidents occurred during the precipitous flight. One woman was so agitated by the approach of the English that she grabbed the first thing near at hand which happened to be a large brass warming pan and started with headlong speed through the

forest. Her awkward burden made such a rattling and clashing against the branches that everyone fled in terror, thinking the entire British army were at their heels.

After losing several men, and seeing that it was impossible to replenish their larder in that locality without much trouble and heavy losses, the fleet withdrew and passed through Quicks' Hole, coming to anchor on September 10, 1778 near what is now Vineyard Haven. They demanded ten thousand sheep and three hundred cattle from the Vineyard people, who had remained peacefully upon the island. The people were completely at the mercy of the raiders and were forced to acquiesce to their most humiliating demands.

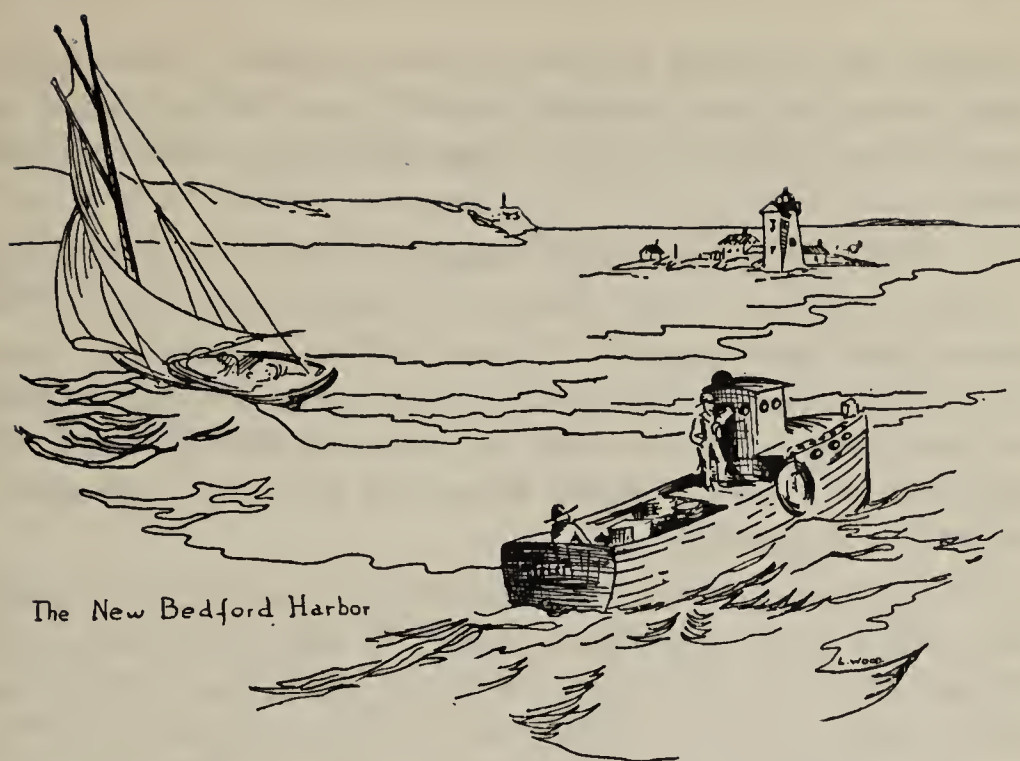
There were many incidents where they determined to save their pets from the British. One old lady stubbornly refused to relinquish her pet pig which she concealed beneath her skirts, but the stupid porker refused to stay hidden. The raiders saw him, but the fierce determination of the old lady to keep her pet so amused the soldiers that they went away without taking the pig. Another woman led her cow up into the attic and kept her there as long as the troops remained upon the island. Others tried to hide their stock in the swamps, and it is told that one man who in his excitement buried all his money and valuables in the forest concealed them so carefully that he was never able to find the spot again.

The English did not like the dilatory manner in which the people of the Vineyard set about complying with their demands, and troops were landed to hurry the inhabitants in collecting their livestock. These men did a great amount of malicious damage to terrify the people. They destroyed all the ships in the harbor, burned the salt works, rifled many of the houses, and seized all the food that they could find upon the island. Twenty vessels were brought from Rhode Island to carry away the plunder which consisted of ten thousand, five hundred and seventy-four sheep, three hundred and fif-

teen cattle, fifty-two tons of hay, three hundred and eighty-eight stands of arms, and all the town's wealth which was about one thousand pounds, besides all the swine, poultry and vegetables that they could find.

After a stay of five days the fleet sailed away leaving the people of Martha's Vineyard to face the approaching winter with an empty larder. When we observe the prosperity of this spot at the present time, we can hardly realize the privations and hardships with which the first settlers had to contend. These only made them stronger and more ambitious, for an easy life is not conducive to success. The men and women who lived upon Martha's Vineyard one hundred and fifty years ago were ancestors of whom anyone may be proud, and who have bequeathed to their descendants their sense of fairness and honesty and their abiding love for the sea.

The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem. It is shown that the problem is of great importance in the theory of the differential equations of the second order. The second part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the solutions of the differential equations of the second order. It is shown that the solutions of the differential equations of the second order are of great importance in the theory of the differential equations of the second order. The third part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the solutions of the differential equations of the second order. It is shown that the solutions of the differential equations of the second order are of great importance in the theory of the differential equations of the second order. The fourth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the solutions of the differential equations of the second order. It is shown that the solutions of the differential equations of the second order are of great importance in the theory of the differential equations of the second order. The fifth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the solutions of the differential equations of the second order. It is shown that the solutions of the differential equations of the second order are of great importance in the theory of the differential equations of the second order. The sixth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the solutions of the differential equations of the second order. It is shown that the solutions of the differential equations of the second order are of great importance in the theory of the differential equations of the second order. The seventh part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the solutions of the differential equations of the second order. It is shown that the solutions of the differential equations of the second order are of great importance in the theory of the differential equations of the second order. The eighth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the solutions of the differential equations of the second order. It is shown that the solutions of the differential equations of the second order are of great importance in the theory of the differential equations of the second order. The ninth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the solutions of the differential equations of the second order. It is shown that the solutions of the differential equations of the second order are of great importance in the theory of the differential equations of the second order. The tenth part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the solutions of the differential equations of the second order. It is shown that the solutions of the differential equations of the second order are of great importance in the theory of the differential equations of the second order.



CHAPTER 14.

A Journey to Noman's Land

NOMAN'S LAND is such a fascinating spot that we are not surprised to find the journey to the island just as interesting. Who can resist the pleasure of a trip over the sparkling waves with a refreshing sea breeze counteracting any unpleasant effects of the warm summer sun! Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands, green and low-lying in the distance, relieve the horizon of any monotony and refresh the eyes with their cool beauty.

One bright summer's day a party of friends gathered at New Bedford, prepared for a trip to Noman's Land. When the boat from the island arrived at the wharf of the Whaling City, we were eager to be off on our journey, but the captain, who is always most cautious, feared that the waves were a bit too rough for a party of landlubbers. However, the sailors who congregate near the wharf pro-

phesied that the wind would go down at sunset. Meanwhile, after everything was carefully stowed away in the cabin, we amused ourselves with the many interesting sights at the pier.

This is a public wharf where all the fishing fleet tie up when in the city, and at times the entire slip is full. The inside boats are moored to the wharf both stem and stern with strong ropes. The next ones to come in are fastened to these boats, and so on until the pier is completely filled. It requires much time and skill to work a boat out when she is packed in so tightly.

Here we were given an excellent opportunity to study the various boats of the fishing fleet. A large boat from some Maine port lay at our right. She had just come in from the scallop grounds, fifty miles away to the southward. The vessels engaged in dredging for deep sea scallops are of good size and are strong and seaworthy, for they remain out on the fishing grounds regardless of the severity of the weather. The dangers and hardships which are borne by fishermen can hardly be believed, but the men themselves consider it all a part of their daily work and give no thought to the dangers to which they are exposed. A scallop boat can be recognized even at a distance by the heavy boom with which she is equipped. This is required to manipulate the heavy iron drags which tear the bivalves from their beds on the ocean floor, twenty fathoms below.

The scallops are brought to the surface and emptied into the boat, and as soon as they are taken on board they are cut out from their shells. The men become very dexterous and can accomplish this without any unnecessary motions. After their removal, the scallops are put in small cloth bags and are packed away in ice ready to be carried to market where they bring as high as one dollar per pound in the height of the season.

A boat with numerous buckets and tubs of quahogs also floated near us. These bivalves have a rough heavy shell and are nearly round in shape. A drag with heavy iron teeth like a rake is used to bring them to the surface. If left in their shells, quahogs will keep for several weeks in a cool place.

When seen close at hand, the fishing boats do not have the beauty and mystery that cling to them as they pass at a distance. The fishermen can be easily identified wherever they are seen. Their faces and arms are bronzed by the sun and wind to the color of an Indian brave. And, like the brave, their slim muscular bodies are quick and active. Their eyes are sharp and observing with the peculiar faded look so noticeable among the followers of the sea. This often reminds one of the gray waters of the ocean as they appear beneath a leaden sky on a cloudy day in November.

As the afternoon advanced, the force of the wind abated until the Captain decided that the crossing could be made in comfort, and he carefully worked his boat out of the press into clear water. There he started the engine, taking much pride in its smoothly running motor. A sailor always has a soft spot in his heart for his boat, for it has carried him through many a rough and dangerous experience. It has responded to his constant demands until it has taken on almost human characteristics for him. He resents any criticism of his boat just as quickly and strongly as he would any unfavorable comment concerning his wife. A captain has undisputed authority when on board his boat and tolerates no interference from anyone in his own particular domain.

The harbor at New Bedford is most interesting. The long bridge to Fairhaven lies at the north. In 1807, this bridge was washed away by the strong tides, rebuilt and carried away again in 1815. The present bridge was con-

structed in 1819. Fairhaven, as seen from the water, is a lovely place with its beautiful homes, vivid green lawns, and the numerous trees that border its streets. Near the water's edge is a place where boats are repaired and painted. They are drawn out of the water on to an inclined plane, and there they rest firmly in an upright position upon this marine railway where all parts can be easily reached and mended.

During the early days of the Revolution, a small fort was erected at the entrance to the harbor on the east side of the river as a protection from British privateers. The rocky promontory on which the fort was built was called Nobscot by the Indians. The fort was garrisoned by thirty men and equipped with ten iron cannons.

As we passed out of the harbor, we noticed the spar buoys which mark the navigable channel. On the way in from sea the red buoys should be kept on the right, and the black on the left.

“Green to black
Red to red,
Perfect safety
Go ahead.”

This rhyme refers to the red and green lights which all boats carry on their right and left sides, and are required by law as regulation equipment for all vessels. This law is strictly enforced, and one is as liable to be called to account for running without lights on water as he is when travelling by automobile on land. The spar buoys have conspicuous white numbers painted on them which are accurately listed on all marine charts. Any sailor can ascertain his exact position by comparing the neighboring buoys with the charted ones.

As we turned our backs upon the mainland and sailed out into Buzzards Bay, we saw the Elizabeth Islands lying

low against the horizon in front of us. At a distance it seems as if they are all connected in one long, narrow promontory extending far out to the westward. Undoubtedly, many years ago this was the case, but it was long before man came to dwell upon the islands. From west to east the Elizabeth Islands are:

Cuttyhunk and Penakese,
Nashawena, Pasquanese,
Great Naushon, Nonamessit,
Uncatena and Wepecket.

We crossed the path of numerous steamers and tugs bound to the eastward on their way to the Cape Cod Canal which saves them a long dangerous journey around the Cape. Our course was laid directly south toward the broad deep opening between the islands of Nashawena and Pasquanese, or Pasque, as it is more commonly called. This passage has been called Quicks' Hole from earliest time, probably receiving its name from William Quicks who was a mariner residing at Charlestown in 1636. Two years later he moved to Newport, Rhode Island, and in 1644 he was forced to leave Rhode Island because of religious troubles. His vocation as a sailor led him to and fro through Vineyard Sound on his frequent trips between Newport and Boston. Undoubtedly he made use of this passage between the islands which has since borne his name.

As we sailed out into Vineyard Sound, the deep toned voice of a bell-buoy greeted us. This is firmly anchored in its required position, and the rolling waves cause it to ring unceasingly, guiding the seamen to the opening into the bay. There is much traffic passing through Vineyard Sound, for all the shipping that is bound around Cape Cod makes use of this route. There were several large coasting schooners. They have three or sometimes four towering masts and are a beautiful sight as they sail gracefully along with all

their canvas spread to catch the breeze. Without a doubt steamers are much more practical, but they have little of the beauty and romance of the sailing ships of by-gone days.

Another interesting sight was a powerful tug with its string of two or more huge barges probably loaded with coal. From a distance these barges appear to scarcely move, they travel along so slowly and steadily. The barges are spaced more than five hundred yards apart, for they tow much more smoothly when widely separated. The hawsers which connect these barges together and to the tug are massive ropes several inches in diameter. If the hawser breaks, the barges are at the mercy of the wind and waves, for they have no power of their own. Their safety depends wholly upon the tug which leads them.

As we crossed the Sound, we passed over the shallow place so well known as Devil's Bridge. When the tide is running strong, this is the roughest spot of the entire trip, and one is liable to get a thorough drenching if not careful. It was at this spot that the City of Columbus was wrecked on January 18, 1884 while on her way to Savannah from Boston. It was a clear moonlight night very cold, with a strong wind blowing, and the sea running high. The exact reason why the man at the wheel deviated from his course will never be known. He may have misunderstood his orders. What ever the cause, at 3:45 A. M. the ship struck the treacherous ledge of rocks known as Devil's Bridge, careened far to port and was submerged by the waves. Many of her passengers and crew were swept off the deck into the icy sea. Men from the lighthouse at Gay Head saw the wreck at five o'clock, and a party of Indians from Gay Head attempted to launch a boat to go to the rescue, but the powerful waves threw their boat against the rocks and stove a jagged hole in her side. The men themselves narrowly escaped death.

Four men from the wreck reached shore in a small boat, but they were almost overcome with the severe cold, and

one died. At about nine o'clock a whale boat was launched by the Gay Headers, and they succeeded in saving seven from the rigging of the doomed vessel. A second boat brought ashore thirteen. The weather was so exceedingly cold that many of the men who were clinging to the wreck were frozen. The U. S. Revenue cutter Dexter appeared on the scene and did all possible to save the few who remained alive. This terrible disaster cost the lives of one hundred and twenty-three people, many of them women and children. Nearly half a century has passed since then, but the memory of this tragedy has never been forgotten.

The rays of the setting sun shone on the colored cliffs at Gay Head as we sailed along, bringing out the strong and vivid colors in sharp relief. These cliffs are slowly but steadily being worn away by the constant battering of the waves. Some of the older inhabitants remember a time, years ago, when they were much higher and showed an almost perpendicular face. The colors, too, were much more brilliant and more clearly defined. We learn from geologists that Gay Head owes its origin to the fact that it was once the delta of a large inland river which existed previous to the glacial period. This accounts for the curious formation of the cliffs and their wide range of colors. The light house at Gay Head, erected in 1858, stands like a sentinel near the bank. Here, an accurate account is kept of all the boats which pass the headland, and even sixty years ago more than twenty-six thousand went by during the year.

As we rounded the promontory, the little island of Noman's Land appeared five miles to the south, and we could not but feel that we had passed the bounds of civilization and were sailing away into the unknown Atlantic. The island has a grim, desolate look from a distance. In this respect it is like many of the best loved people. Its forbidding appearance hides its many sterling merits, and one has to be-

come thoroughly acquainted with it before he learns to appreciate its good qualities.

When our craft was brought to its customary position inside the breakwater, she was firmly moored both stem and stern with heavy ropes which are fastened to three large spiles set closely together. These are called dolphins. Two mooring at right angles to each other met at both the stem and stern, thus holding the boat securely in position.

Years ago the island had no protection for boats. When it was purchased fifteen years ago by the present owner, he immediately had a pier and breakwater constructed. The breakwater is made of enormous granite blocks quarried in Connecticut and brought to the island at great expense on huge lighters. The blocks are irregular in shape and are piled together forming a crescent shaped wall which extends out from the beach and rises from three to six feet above high water mark. This furnishes adequate protection for the boats except during severe storms. The pier formerly extended to within fifty feet of the breakwater. It was made of heavy planking with the interior filled with small stones, and a concrete roadbed laid upon the top, the whole structure supported and kept in position by heavy spiles firmly embedded in the sand.

The mighty force of the waves was not taken into consideration by the builders, however, and it was not long before the planks were splintered, and the small stones washed away. Then the heavy concrete roadbed broke and collapsed under its own weight. Every year the severe storms carry away a little more of the pier. Since the basin now has little protection from the east, the waves form an eddy there, and sand is deposited in great quantities until the beach extends far out, and the basin is slowly being filled. Even now when the tide is very low, the motor boat touches the bottom, and soon it will be impossible to keep any boat at the island with safety.

After our boat was firmly moored, we transferred to a small dory in order to reach the shore. When standing once more on firm ground, we gazed around at the familiar landscape and paused a moment filled with regret that the pleasant voyage was ended, but we were overjoyed with the thought that we were once more on our beautiful island, far from the hustle and bustle of everyday life. We settle ourselves for days of peace and beauty always conscious that if at any time we grow tired of our retreat we can return to the mainland where we will find plenty of activity. We revel in the peace and quiet of our island home and enjoy to the fullest the natural beauties of the little spot on God's earth, called Noman's Land.



LIIF IRIKSSON

*Supplementary pages written at Noman's Land in March, 1931,
by Cameron E. Wood, husband of Annie M. Wood.*

* * *

The Stone, A Description, Written by Her Husband

I, the husband of Annie M. Wood, have endeavored to write the following chapter for her as she

“With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
Has wandered into an unknown land,
And left me dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since she lingers there.”

Recently a book entitled “Leif Eriksson, Discoverer of America” has been published by the Oxford University Press, London, and written by Edward F. Gray, British consul general, of Boston. Mr. Gray lived for twenty-five years in Norway before taking up his residence in Boston, and he is well-known both in this country and in England as a Norse enthusiast and a student of the Icelandic legends, as well as the Sagas of the Scandinavian countries. In his book Mr. Gray, shows geographically and otherwise that it is his belief that Noman's Land was the Vinland of the ancient Norsemen, and that the site of Leif Eriksson's house was upon this little island. Mr. Gray has also examined the rock on Noman's Land and has given a vivid description of it in his book. I will quote from his book as follows:

(Introduction, page xxxi) “The discovery has been made in this tract of country (Noman's Land) of a record (which may or may not be supported subsequently by further evidence) graven in stone and which is of such a nature as to leave no doubt in the mind of the unprejudiced student that it was not indeed left by the Icelanders themselves in

that district or at the time indicated by extant historical records; but which may well have been inscribed by subsequent explorers who possibly had access to other records, now lost to us, but who in any case appear to have possessed a surprisingly accurate knowledge of the precise scene of events recorded in the Iceland accounts of the Vinland voyages. While, however, the existence of this record cannot be denied as a fact, it cannot be adduced as scientific and absolute proof of the site of Vinland. It is, however, an amazing coincidence, to say the least of it, that it was found within a few hundred yards of the spot to which the writer's independent investigations of the historical material had led him in search of Leif Eriksson's stone house. It is merely evidence that others, whose names are now unknown to us appear to have arrived in the past at the same conclusion as the present writer. Let us, therefore, place our hand with complete confidence in the hand of the Icelandic narrators, and follow without unduly twisting the meaning of the original texts, and see where they lead us."

In referring to the location of Vinland on page two of the book he writes:

"Professor Geelmuyden of Oslo put it at 49° 55' or farther south; Th. Bugge, at 40° 22'; Rafn and Finn Magnusson, at 41° 24'; Strom, at 42° 21'. The following account shows that while Geelmuyden was quite correct in his conclusions as far as they went, Rafn and Magnusson were nearer the actual mark, and that a posthumous runic stone record of Leif Eriksson's name has been discovered at 41° 15' 40" N. and 70° 49' 90" W. of Greenwich. Before the story of the discovery of this record in November 1926, and its subsequent verification by the writer is recounted and accompanied by the independent opinions of acknowledged experts, it may be well to give, for the benefit of those not familiar with the subject, a brief outline of the various references of

the Vinland voyages. It may be repeated here that the exact identification of Vinland in no way rests on the stone record, which is merely an interesting coincidence quite apart from actual historical research, and is in itself no scientific proof of Leif's visit."

On page 122 Mr. Gray writes:

"Returning to the Greenland version, we read that Leif passed the cape (West Chop) in a westerly direction. He would thus find himself in Vineyard Sound, in which there are various broad reaches of shallow water, as well as a swift current. No doubt in their anxiety to avoid Middle Ground and Lucas Shoal they would hug the north shore of Martha's Vineyard. Finally they ran their ship aground at a place where it still looked a good way to open water ahead of them (at Gay Head). Eager to get ashore, they left the rising tide to raise the ship off the sandbar on which they had grounded, jumped overboard, and waded ashore. Here they found a river flowing out of a lake (the old Weiwaitik River) now partially replaced by Menemsha Creek, a very short distance up which there opens out the tidal Pond of Menemsha, about a mile and a half long from north to south and about a mile wide. On the tide rising they took the ship up the river past the site of the present fishing village of Menemsha, and anchored her in the lake. Here they carried their belongings ashore, and built themselves huts. At this point one Icelandic text, A. M. 557, supplies a valuable passage. Following the record of a hard winter, for which they were not prepared, a food shortage and the falling off in fishing, it continues. Then they went out to the island in hope something might be forthcoming in the way of fishing or flotsam."

"The question arises, 'What Island?' It is easily answered. From Gay Head they would see on a clear day an island in the Atlantic to the south of them, surrounded (though they would not know it yet) by a warm current from

the tropics. While the ground at their feet was perhaps bound by the frost of a hard winter — while perhaps snow covered the grass on which they depended for their cattle — further out lay this island apparently free from snow. What more natural than to go out there — (note the direction indicated: not inwards to the Elizabeth Islands) and see what it offered? So out they went. The Greenland version, resuming the story here, records that no frost came here in the winter, a remark certainly well applicable to the island of Noman's Land, but not applicable to Menemsha. It is therefore, reasonable to assume that with the dropping out from the Greenland version of the passage about 'moving out to the island', the Flatey Book gives at first a wrong impression of where Leif built his 'large house'. It would preferably be built on an island where the cattle could not stray far, and where there was no shortage of fodder during the winter, and the grass withered but little — as at the present day, and its position on the island is confirmed indirectly by the Iceland version which first tells us that Karlsefne borrowed Leif's house for his stay in Vinland, and then proceeds, in the interpolated passage about Thorhall, the hunter, to refer to 'the island' where they gathered eggs, and to Thorhall preparing his ship 'out below the island'. It appears clear that Leif built a house and passed his winter at a place where there was no frost; and Karlsefne passed his winter at Leif's house and found no snow there; and the only place in the district practically free from frost and snow is an island — the island of Noman's Land, but not Martha's Vineyard. The inference is, therefore, that Leif's house was on 'the island' and that 'the island' was Noman's Land".

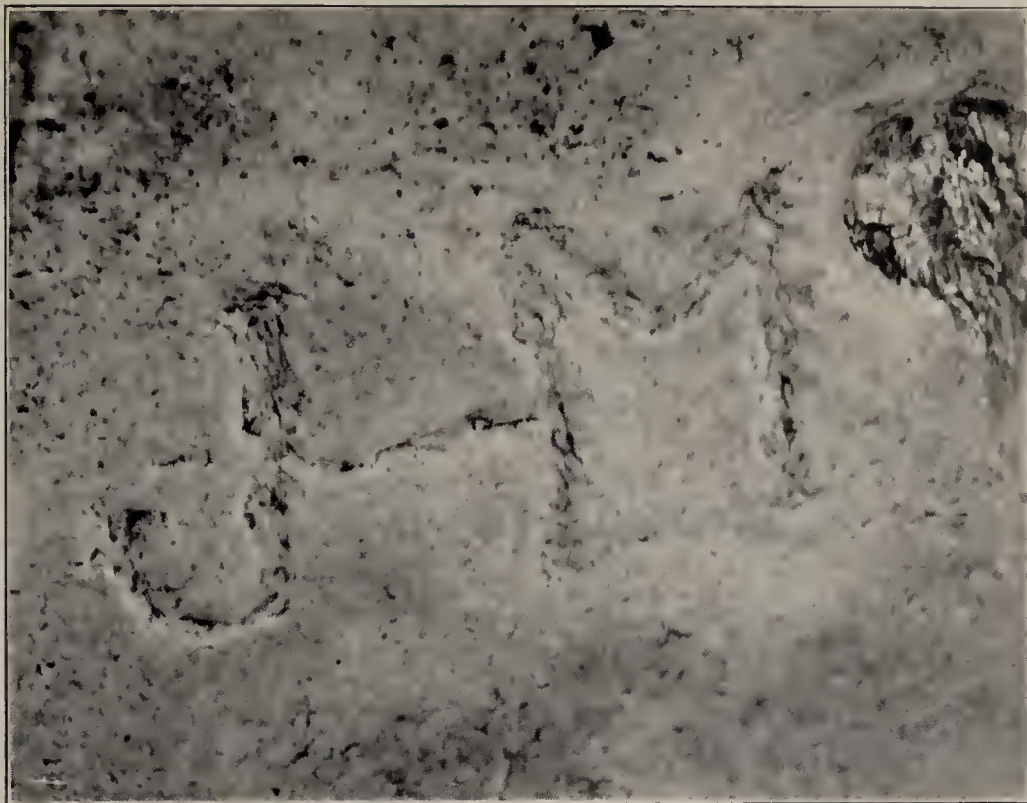
I would like to say here that I have lived on Noman's Land for the last four years, and it is true that we have mild winters with very little snow. There is no frost in the ground, and the fresh water ponds remain open all winter. I have looked across and seen snow on the islands north of us when

there has been no snow on Noman's Land, and it was like a day in spring. It is also true that cattle can live out of doors all winter. In fact we seldom have to feed our cattle in the barn until January.

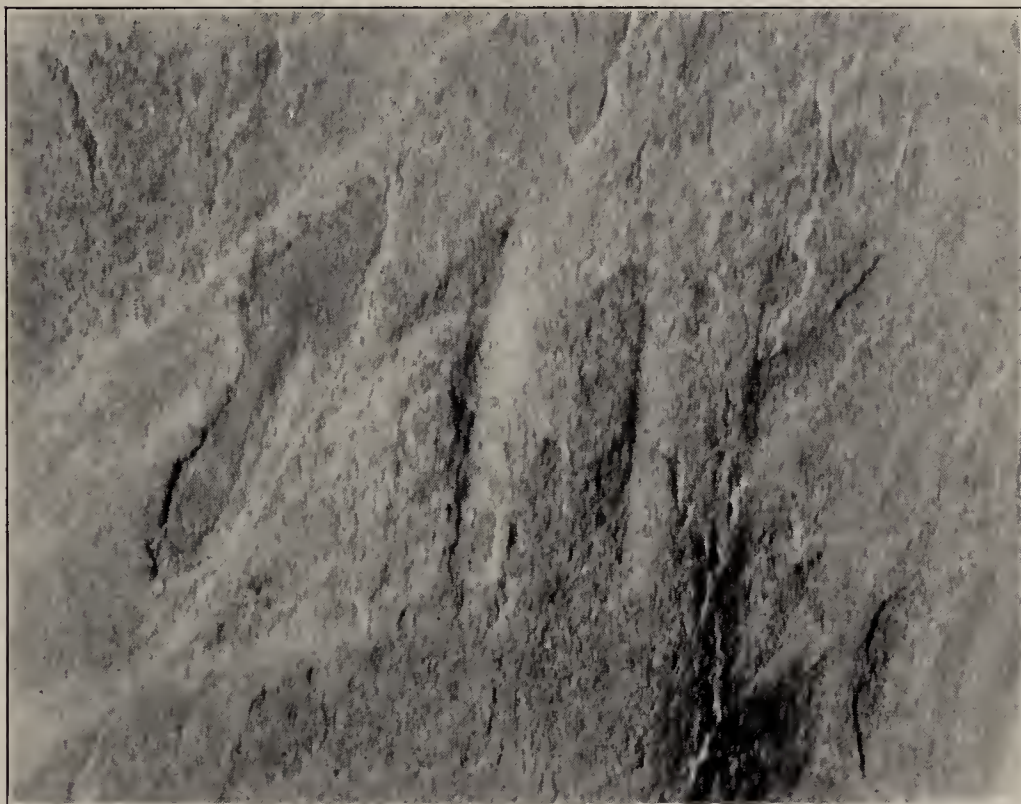
On page 162. Appendix A, Mr. Gray continues:

"By the courtesy of Mr. Joshua Crane, the owner of Noman's Land, the following account can be given of the Runic Inscription on that island, together with a few additional particulars of other local features. They are relegated to this appendix and not included in the foregoing pages, in order to emphasize the writer's opinion, supported by that of eminent European experts that they cannot be adduced at the present time to scientific evidence to corroborate the view that Noman's Land was the winter headquarters of the Vinland expeditions. It is, however, regarded as possible that other such evidence may be forthcoming at a later date if excavations are permitted under adequate supervision. At present the 'finds' on the island are merely interesting coincidences which may or may not assume greater significance later, after further investigation by experts. What appeared at first to be a most sensational discovery on Noman's Land was an inscription consisting of four lines of Runic lettering, recording the name of Leif Eriksson and the date, 1001, the two last lines of the inscription being undecipherable. The discovery was made by Mr. Crane about three years after the writer had mentioned to him that he was investigating the subject of the Vinland voyages in the neighborhood of Martha's Vineyard. Late one evening at the end of Autumn in November, 1926, Mr. Crane's attention was attracted at low tide by a black, sloping rock on the beach which in the evening light appeared to bear some rough lettering. It lay at the water's edge, not far from the western point of the island, and is covered by the Atlantic except at extreme low tide. It is

of great hardness. Most of the boulders on the beach are of a much softer texture. The lettering is about four inches high. The two first lines are evenly spaced, the two last being either never completed or else defaced by the action of drift-sand, drift-ice, and the pounding of shingle by the Atlantic storms. The depth of the lettering is somewhat shallow, but still quite deep enough to be clearly visible in a good light, and distinctly appreciable to the touch of a finger. The first line runs, in Runic lettering: LEIF ERIKSSON, and the second line contains merely the date, in Roman figures: MI. The inscription is difficult to photograph. It faces the sea; and even at low tide there are usually waves breaking over it. But by Mr. Crane's permission, photographs were taken in the year 1927, and copies submitted to the undermentioned authorities who reported to the following effect. Professor A. W. Brogger of Oslo University has examined the photographs, together with Professor Magnus Olsen. He bases his verdict only on the letters and their interpretation, as he remarks that it is impossible for him to form any opinion on the other circumstances attending the discovery of the inscription. He finds that the characters as submitted to him give rise to the most serious doubts of their genuineness. In the year 1000, he says, we do not expect to find the rune † for e in 'Leif' and 'Eriksson'; nor ᚱ for s, nor ᚢ for o, nor ᚦ for n (in Eriksson). Nor do we expect 'Leif' without the nominative r at the end of the name. Further, 'Eriksson' ought to be 'Eiriksson'. For these reasons alone, apart from other conjectures suggested by the writer, in attempting to decipher the last two lines, he considers it beyond doubt that the inscription is not of an era contemporary with Leif. But he also points out that the date in Roman lettering, implying a knowledge of Christian time reckoning, is also decisive. Such methods of dating were, he says, not introduced before the twelfth cen-



Letters cut into rock about 1850—note how little erosion has taken place in 80 years.



Erosion of Norse inscription—compare with photograph above.



ture in Norway, and in the case of inscriptions probably not before the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries.

“To sum up the above considerations: even if there were no objections of lettering and grammar, an apparently ‘genuine’ record of Leif’s name on Noman’s Land would be no more scientific and conclusive evidence that the inscription was cut there by Leif or his party than the finding, let us say, of the name of Livingston cut on a tree in Central Africa would prove conclusively that it was carved by the latter explorer. There would still remain the possibility that it was the handiwork of some subsequent visitor.

“The lay mind may perhaps object that Leif’s party were uncultured men, and the inscription with its mistakes in spelling or grammar, were the best they could do, and that a knowledge of Roman numerals may have reached Iceland and Greenland with the spread of Christianity. These objections, however, disposed of by the expert statements referred to above. The use of several runes which were not in existence until after Leif’s time seems conclusive, quite apart from statements by men of the highest authority that Roman numerals were not then used for dating in Norway, and that the custom of leaving Runic records was unknown in Iceland about 1000. Is it, then, worthwhile considering the inscription further, as of no value in connection with Leif’s expedition? To the writer, it appears somewhat hasty to disregard it altogether until more information can be brought to light as to its date and origin. Until further evidence becomes available, there seem to be three principal periods to which it can possibly be assigned:

First, the last seven years, during which the writer has been gradually narrowing his investigations in the direction of Noman’s Land;

Second, between 1922 and 1837 when Professor Rafn’s book attracted much attention both in Europe and the United States, and,

Third, between 1837, and, say 1500, during which period many navigators and early settlers passed the vicinity.

“In considering these three possibilities it may be well first to recall the following circumstances: the comparative remoteness of the island; the fact that, as far as the writer knows, no one has hitherto publicly suggested any connection between Leif and the island where the inscription lies; the fact that Runic lettering is a subject with which comparatively few people are familiar, though no doubt a smattering of knowledge on the subject can be acquired from reference books; that, as far as our knowledge goes, the island has in the past up to the present time been sparsely inhabited (with the exception of its owner and friends who visited him there) by fishermen, shepherds, and so on — in short, by men extremely unlikely to have evinced the least interest in the Vinland voyages, or to have troubled to pick up rudiments of Runic lettering; that the rock which bears the lettering is extremely hard and weighs, at a rough estimate, three tons; further, that, at the estimated rate of coast erosion, it probably stood about one hundred years ago at the top of the cliff behind it; that the labour of carving the lettering on such hard material in preference to ample other adjacent stone material of a softer and easier nature to carve must have been considerable and taken several days at least, that it is at least a coincident that it should have been discovered on the very island to which the writer's independent investigations eventually led him; and that the would-be perpetrator of a practical joke would scarcely — unless possessed of an abnormally fine sense of artistry — leave it at a place not likely to be visited by observing persons, and at a spot where the chances are that the ‘bait’ would be invisible owing to the tide.

“To the writer (Mr. Gray) the inscription has the appearance of considerable age, but he is not sufficiently expert to offer an opinion whether the action of the sea water,

sun, air, and marine growths could have caused its present appearance if cut in the last few years. The rock is too heavy to have been moved to its present position by a single person. If carved where it is during the last six or seven years, the carver must have been obliged to work between tides, standing in water, at considerable personal discomfort out of proportion to any remote prospect of satisfaction of its being subsequently observed. As far as the writer can ascertain, no one has resided on the island in the last few years who had even a smattering of Runic lettering. It was only at a date subsequent to the discovery of the inscription that the writer's researches led him to Noman's Land as the locality of Leif's house. In fact, for some time after the stone had been found, he inclined to the view that Martha's Vineyard was the scene of Leif's booths and house, and only afterwards grasped the significance of the sentence in A. M. 577 recording to move 'out to the island'. It therefore seems to him impossible that anything he said can have suggested the idea of planting the inscription by others. And apart from the present writer, local interest in the subject seems to have been practically at an end for some years past. And any chance visitor wishing to carve the inscription would have had to bring with him tools and sufficient food and shelter for several days, and could then hardly have escaped observation; and the chances he would have known Runic, even inadequately, seem so small as to be not worth considering. On the whole then, authorship in the last six or seven years seems out of the question."

On page 169, Mr. Gray writes further:

"About five hundred and fifty yards south east of the inscription and about one hundred and seventy yards from the edge of the cliff in the map of 1897, stands a sheep shelter of rough stones on an oblonged-shaped rise some one hundred yards long and perhaps fifty yards wide, surround-

ed by swampy ground. A careful examination indicates that the sheep shelter is apparently composed of materials collected from a somewhat larger original ground plan. Traces can be seen or felt through the turf, of stone foundations of a rectangular building measuring twenty-seven feet by thirty feet. Near the middle of this rectangle, and near a wall of the smaller sheep pen, is a slight depression, overgrown with turf, under which there are evidently stones which may or may not mark the site of a fireplace. Among the loose stones were two, each about a foot long, which bore traces of having been roughly squared as if to form low supports or pillars. No other traces could be discovered here by the writer of any stones bearing artificial marks, such as would be caused by the sharpening of instruments. The position commands a wide view of the island and the adjoining ocean."

Mr. Gray expresses the opinion that this may be the foundation of Leif's house, and he does not despair of the future discovery on the island of at least strong indications, if not conclusive proof, of Icelandic occupation.

From a layman's point of view, I will try to express my impression of the foregoing material. In the first place, it has always seemed to me that scientists are more or less prejudiced; ruthlessly inquiring, believing nothing not proved, and seldom agreeing with each other. It is often said, "Let the scientist present the evidence; let the layman render the verdict." For instance, Professor Brogger and Professor Olsen claim that certain runes were used in the inscription which were not in existence until after Leif Eriksson's time. Yet we find in Professor Hovgaard's book, "The Voyages of the Norsemen to America," that in speaking of the sketches of some of the objects found in ruins in Greenland, shown on pages 33-34 and 35 he writes as follows:

“It is hoped that these sketches will prove useful in the investigation and identification of ruins and objects which may be found on the coast of America. For the sake of completeness, the later runic alphabet used by the Norsemen in the Viking Period (note: the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries) is inserted here.”



The reader will notice that Professor Brogger says, "In the year 1000 we do not expect to find the rune \dagger for e in 'Leif' and 'Eriksson'."

This is very true, for there is no “e” in the alphabet of the Viking Period. Neither is there an “e” in the inscription on the rock. I have had ample time to study the inscription very thoroughly in the past four years that I have lived on Noman’s Land, and I have examined it under a powerful magnifying glass. This is what I have found in the first two lines:

RIIF IRIFHHFT MI

LIIF IRIKSSON 1001

Professor Brogger further says that "Eriksson" should be "Eiriksson". How could this be if there was no "e" in existence at that period, The non-existence of the "e" in the inscription, it seems to me, should be in its favor. Without the "e", "Iriksson", according to Professor Brogger, would be the correct spelling. The other letters all appear in the alphabet as given by Professor Hovgaard. As to the

nominative *r* at the end of *Leif*, a mistake in grammar is a small matter.

There is one man whom writers of the *Vinland Voyages* seem to have overlooked. This is *Tyker Southman* who, it tells us in the *Sagas*, came from the south of Germany and who had lived in the family of *Eric, the Red*, for many years. He was a man of much learning and had acted as *Leif's* teacher in his younger days. He had taught *Leif* many things, among them, astronomy. To prove that *Leif*, or one of his party, knew something of astronomy, I will quote a passage from the *Sagas*:

"The days and nights were more equal in length there (*Vinland*) than in *Greenland* or *Iceland*: the sun had '*eky tarstadr*' and '*dagmalastadr*' there on the shortest day of the year."

If *Tyker* knew astronomy, he must have known mathematics and, therefore, must have known Roman numerals. The *Sagas* also speak of him as a skilled craftsman. Would he not have been the most natural one to make an inscription? And would he not have been capable of doing so at the time of the *Vinland voyages*? These are questions for the scientists to answer. It is my opinion, however, that whoever made the inscription on this hard, black stone on *Norman's Land* did so a long, long time ago.

The appearance of the stone proves that it must have taken many years for these characters to become worn away as they are today. If they were not made by *Leif* or some of his party, they were surely made at a later period by some Norseman who knew the site of *Leif's* house and who knew the runes of the Viking Period, but did not know the letter rune for "e". The absence of the "e" in the inscription, in my opinion, is one of the strongest proofs that the inscription is not a fake.

To continue, Mr. Gray writes on page 168 of his book: "At least it appears more reasonable than to argue that, because other inscriptions in the United States are acknowledged fakes, therefore this is one, too. Such argument stamps its supporters as prejudiced and declines to admit each case must be decided on its individual merits."

My reply to this statement is that it is out of the question for anyone who has ever seen the inscription to say that it is a later day "fake". Its appearance belies that, and, as Mr. Gray says, it is somewhat hasty to disregard it until more information can be obtained as to its date and origin. I have discovered on the beach at Noman's Land a mooring stone marked "J-M". On inquiring I have learned that it was cut by James H. Mayhew, a stone cutter and fisherman who lived at Menemsha about eighty years ago. This stone lies on the beach under the same conditions as the Rune Stone and is of a much softer texture, yet it shows very little wear compared with the Norse rock.

In "Who's Who and What's What in Vinland", page XIII, Mr. Gray writes that, "The island, Noman's Land, formed the headquarters of all the Vinland expeditions, and contained the site of Leif's house"; and that "Karlsefne and his wife, Gudrid, spent the winter of 1010-1011 at Leif's house"; and that "their son Snorri, was born there in the fall of 1010." Therefore, the first child of European parentage recorded to have been born in America was born on the little island of Noman's Land.

Another point that the writers of the Vinland expeditions seem to have overlooked is in regard to the eider ducks "that the Norsemen found breeding on 'the island'." Some writers have claimed that, if they found eider ducks breeding, the site of Vinland must have been at least as far north as the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They seem to have overlooked the fact that the early English voyagers and settlers found

eider ducks breeding on the islands off the New England coast. Archer writes of the Gosnold expedition in 1602, telling about "going ashore on Noman's Land and finding among other birds breeding there, were shoulers". The eider ducks were called by the early English, shoal ducks or shoulers. Even today there probably is no place along the New England coast where the eider ducks are more numerous in the winter than at Noman's Land.

A short time ago, February 1931, our boat from Noman's Land had occasion to go about ten miles to the south-east. It was a smooth, clear day when one could see a long distance out to sea. There, before our eyes, was a solid raft of eider ducks from the island extending as far as we could see. We estimated that there must have been at least fifty thousand ducks in the flock. Even as I am writing today, in the latter part of March, there are hundreds of them along the shore. Where they are not molested, they become very tame. I have been within fifty feet of them on a calm bright day in winter and watched them feeding upon the beach and "talking" to each other like a flock of domestic ducks. They are a beautiful sight; the males with their black and white plumage and Nile green heads, and the females, buff brown, barred with black. If it were not for the appearance of man, they would be breeding on Noman's Land today.

In summarizing the foregoing material, I would like to say that it is my opinion that Mr. Gray has presented more proofs that Noman's Land is the site of the headquarters of the Vinland expeditions, than there are proofs to the contrary. I may, however, be biased in my opinion, for Noman's Land is very dear to me, and I may be over anxious for this lonely little island, far from civilization, to be honored as the first place to be settled and the birth place of the first American child born of European parentage.

MY HOME BY THE SEA.

Let me stay at my home by the beautiful sea
Where I played as a child, in my age let me be;
Where the green moss grows, and the wild waters play,
In the home of my heart, dearest friends, let me stay.
Oh, here let me stay, where in my happy young pride
Of a visionary youth I wandered forth with the tide;
Where I laid at my feet, the young fisherman's best prey.
Where I roamed a wild hunter, Oh! friends, let me stay.
Let me stay where the flags I've oft wandered through,
While my bare feet brushed from the flowers the dew.
Where my hand would pluck the blossoms and say,
"This white rose is the fairest" Oh here let me stay.
Oh here let me stay, where bright flashes from the wing
Of the birds that feed, on what the waves would bring.
Where in parting from such, I softly would say
It is for my happiness; Oh dear ones here let me stay.
Let me stay, though the strength of my youth is o'er,
Though fancy leads me to slay no more;
I love, through these wild moores, to hunt and to stray
My heart clings to home, Oh, then here let me stay.
Let me stay where with my sister, and brothers I have played.
Where o'er the sand dunes we oft' have strayed.
I never could bend to the city's cold sway,
For my heart is for the sea, Oh here let me stay.
It tells in the Book of the Spirit, that speaks;
But the Spirit I own, is in the storm and the deep,
In the rocks, in the hills, in the waves wild play
I see Him, I hear Him, Oh then let me stay.

C. E. Wood.





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